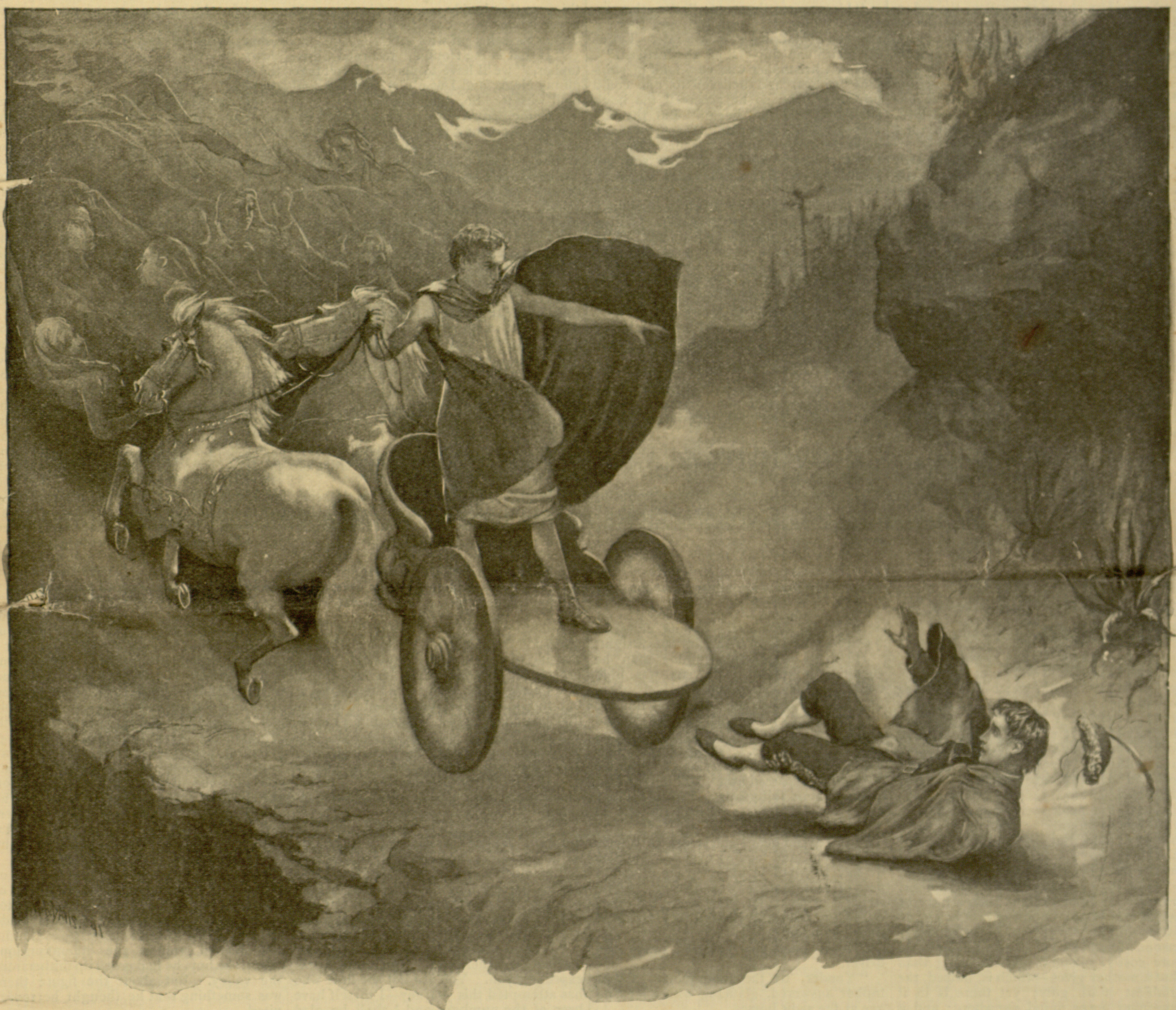
THE NEW YORK LEDGER
A JOURNAL OF CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE AND USEFUL INFORMATION

VOLUME 47. | Copyright, 1891, by Robert Bonner's Sons. All Rights Reserved. | NUMBER 46.

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Cor. of William and Spruce Sts.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

SIXTEEN PAGES.
Five Cents a Copy.



"OUT WITH YOU, THEN, FOR A BEGGARLY CURMUDGEON!"

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SUN.*

A Story, Complete In This Number.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE,

Author of "The Diamond Widow," "Dr. Hoknagel's Strange Story," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTOPHER and his mother lived on the banks of the beautiful river Aleph, which flows through the great Valley of Alameda, and thence through vast underground caverns to the sea. From time to time many adventurous and restless persons have set out to explore these caverns. Before starting they would provide themselves with every appliance that science and ingenuity could suggest, to aid and direct them on their darksome and questionable journey. Their friends would accompany them as far as the mouth of the first cavern—even there the path was gloomy and dangerous, running along the face of a precipice, with the torrent of the river roaring and foaming far below, and above frowning and unscalable rocks. But where the shadow of the cavern hung down like a black pall the friends would stop, and feel that it was time to say farewell. The adventurers, too, would hesitate, and, perhaps, wish they had been less adventurous. But they were ashamed to turn back; besides, vast treasures of gold and precious stones were said to lie beyond. So on they went, and were soon lost to the sight of those who stood gazing after them. Sometimes a bat or an owl or other creature of darkness would come fluttering out from the abyss of the cavern, and hover about blindly, soon returning again to the depths. But this was all. Of the adventurers themselves, not one ever came back to tell what had befallen him. They may have starved to death; they may have wandered into the bowels of the earth and been lost; nameless monsters may have devoured them, even in the midst of the treasures they coveted, or they may have slipped on the rocky path and been hurled into the torrent and vomited forth at last, nameless and unrecognizable corpses, into the dreary sea. Be that as it may, none ever returned to tell the tale.

Christopher and his mother loved each other more than anything else in the world. But a day came when they must part. The mother was obliged to go on a long journey, not, indeed, down into the dark caverns, but far away to the Mountains of the Sun.

Most people, at some period of their lives, have had a glimpse, at least, of these famous mountains, which are the loftiest and most sublime in existence. In the morning,

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the sun stands upon their cloudless summits, and creates an unearthly glory there, as if the gates of heaven rested on them; and once in awhile little Christopher, watching from the valley, had exclaimed that he saw divine shapes of men and women, nobler and lovelier than mortals, walking in the celestial radiance. But, perhaps, his childish imagination led him to mistake wreaths of luminous vapor for living figures. Again, at noon, when the sun had ascended to the zenith, and acquired a brightness too intense for human eyes to bear, the peaks of the mountains, soft with unsullied snow, like pyramids of etherial marble, seemed to rest against the blue of heaven—a region where angels and men might hold communion. And at evening when the sun, gathering about him the gorgeous raiment of the skies, held his state at the western end of the valley, the reflection of his splendor fell upon those sacred heights, airy gold, and rose and amethyst, with a beauty like the echoes of spiritual music. Christopher, leaning on his mother's knee, absorbed in the lovely magic of the sight, felt that it was somehow an expression of the love he bore her—of love, which mingles heaven with earth, and awakens the spirit of God in man.

"Yes, my beloved Kit," said his mother to the boy, one evening, after their hearts had been filled with the magnificence of this sublime pageant, "I must go thither, to-morrow."

"But cannot I go with you, mother?" asked Christopher.

"No," she answered; "you may come after me, if you will; but with me you cannot go. It is a journey which all who make it must make alone."

"Is it very far to the top of the mountains?" the boy asked. "It does not look so far."

"Because you are still a child," said his mother, putting an arm round him. "The mountains are near to some, and distant to others. But the road is difficult, and one may easily miss it. And you will meet persons who will try to mislead you."

"Oh, I sha' n't mind them!" exclaimed Christopher, confidently. "I shall always see the summit, and all I shall have to do will be to climb straight up to it."

"It is a hard road, Kit," repeated the mother, tenderly; "yet I believe—I am sure—that you will find your way there. But before I go I will give you something which will help you to remember me."

"What, mother!" cried the boy, tears rushing into his eyes. "Do you think I could ever forget you?"

She kissed him.

"And, perhaps," she added, "when you least expect it, it will be of use to you. See—it is this cloak, which I have made for you with my own hands. It is not a pretty cloak, for I had no fine stuffs to make it of; but it will keep you dry and warm; and though it is not embroidered with gold and silver, yet your mother's love and blessing are worked into every stitch of it."

Indeed, the cloak was not much to look at; it was of an antique fashion, and of a dull gray color. But Christopher, who saw only his mother's love in it, declared that it was the most beautiful cloak in the world.

"Only do not lose it," said his mother, earnestly. "Do not cast it aside if it seems ragged and worn; do not give it away, no matter who may urge you, or for whatever reason. There are many gifts in the world more costly, splendid and imposing than what a mother gives—which is, indeed, the humblest of all gifts; yet there is in it something never found elsewhere; and if you despise it, I fear you will find the mountains of the sun too steep to climb."

"I will never give it up or lose it or despise it," said Christopher; but his heart so swelled in his bosom that he could say no more. He put his arms around his mother's neck, and she held him to her bosom for the last time.

Night came on; the stars sparkled in the sky, and the pinnacles of the mountain gleamed like the pointed wings of angels guarding the gates of Paradise. Christopher fell asleep, and dreamed that he had wings and was flying toward the mountain, on whose summit an angel stood waiting to receive him. At first, so shining and glorious was the aspect of the angel, Christopher felt afraid; but, as he drew nearer, the fear left him, and when he reached the place where she stood it seemed to him she was his own mother. Then he awoke, and it was morning. But when he sought for his mother he could not find her. She had gone on her journey while he slept.

"I will go after her at once," said Christopher to himself: so, after drinking a cup of milk and munching a piece of bread, he put on his cap, wore the cloak she had given him, and set out up the valley with a brave heart. His way led along the banks of the river Aleph, which takes its rise in the Mountains of the Sun, whither he was bound. The mountains looked so near, in the early morning light, that Christopher doubted not that a few hours would bring him there.

CHAPTER II.

Presently he overtook a boy of his own age, who was sauntering along in the same direction as himself, pausing ever and anon to skim a flat stone over the smooth surface of the river. He was a handsome, graceful lad, and was dressed in a beautiful white cloak and tunic, bordered with gold.

"Where are you going in such a hurry," he said to Christopher.

"I am on my way to the mountains yonder," replied Christopher, "to meet my mother."

"I am going there, too," the other rejoined; "but it is early yet, and there is no need of walking at such a rate. Let us see which can skip a stone the furthest."

Now Christopher was very fond of skipping stones, and believed no one could beat him at it; so he accepted the boy's challenge, and they began. But the boy proved himself very skillful; and for every good throw that Christopher made, the boy threw a shade better. As the sun got higher in the sky, Christopher began to feel very hot.

"It's that ridiculous old cloak of yours," said the boy at last, catching hold of Christopher's cloak, and giving it a jerk. "No wonder you're hot—and it spoils your throwing too! Come, off with it!"

Christopher was just on the point of letting his cloak be taken from him, when he recollected himself.

"Stop!" he cried; "I won't take off my cloak; and I have spent too much time here already. I am going on."

"If I were you," said the boy, "I wouldn't wear such a shabby-looking thing as that. Here, take mine instead—I have another at home—and throw this in the river."

So saying, he caught hold of the cloak again; but Christopher shook him off and doubled up his fists.

"I may not be able to skip stones as well as you," he said, "but I can knock you down; and if you hinder me any more, I will."

And he looked so fierce that the boy drew back and let him pass. So Christopher marched away; but when he had gone a little distance he heard the other jeering at him, and then a stone flew past his ear. But he did not turn around, and soon a bend of the river took him out of sight.

He had wasted more time than he thought, however. The sun was high overhead, and the mountains looked further off than in the morning. Nor was this all, for the Valley of Alameda is an enchanted valley, and for those who linger in it years pass like minutes. While Christopher had been skipping stones on the river his boyhood had passed away, and he was now a young man full-grown. But he did not know it as yet; his only thought was to hasten onward.

Presently he heard the sound of wheels behind him, and looking over his shoulder he saw a youth of his own age driving a pair of swift horses in a chariot. As he stepped aside to let them pass, the other pulled the reins and brought the horses to their haunches.

"Where are you going?" asked the driver.

"Yonder, to the mountains," Christopher answered, glancing with a longing eye at the swift horses.

"To the mountains! and on foot!" returned the other. "Night will overtake you long before you can reach the first foot-hills. But I, too, am going in that direction. Will you drive with me in my chariot?"

"Willingly!" cried Christopher. "And I thank you with all my heart."

"You are welcome," returned the young man, whose manner was very courteous. "But, pardon me a moment," he added, leaping to the ground, "I believe my near horse has cast a shoe. Yes, it is as I feared," he said, after examining the animal's right forefoot. "Fortunately, however, here is a smithy close at hand. It will take but a few minutes, and, while the smith is at work, we can have a chat together, beneath the shade of this tree."

So said, so done. They seated themselves under the tree, and fell into conversation. The young man talked very agreeably; he was evidently accustomed to the best society, and he spoke of the brilliant life of cities and of men and women of high degree. Christopher listened with interest; he could not help wishing that he, too, had known something of this wealth and luxury. The young man was fashionably dressed—he had a diamond-ring on his finger, and a delicate perfume exhaled from him. Meanwhile, time was slipping away, and the first thing Christopher knew the sun was in the west. He jumped to his feet.

"I must be off," he said. "I shall never get on at this rate."

Just then the smith came out, leading the horse.

"Never mind," said the young man; "I can drive you there before sunset. My team goes like the wind."

He took his seat, and gathered up the reins.

"Get in," he said, "and we'll be there before you know it."

Christopher got in accordingly.

"Wait a bit," said the young man. "I can't take you in that costume, you know. We should be mobbed!"

"What do you mean?" asked Christopher.

"That cloak of yours. It isn't fit for a foot-cloth. If I should be seen with such a thing as that beside me, my friends would never let me forget my forgetfulness. For decency's sake, off with it!"

"If that is the trouble," returned Christopher, "we'll have to part. I won't take off my cloak, and I won't let any one find fault with it. So, good-bye!"

"Come, come—don't be a fool!" exclaimed the young man, urgently. "You can't possibly get anywhere, at this time of day, on foot, and I'm giving you a friend's advice when I tell you that no man dressed as you are can succeed in the world. Be reasonable! I'll tell you what I'll do: Let me take off your cloak and I'll make you a present of this team, horses and all, and you can drive yourself. There's an offer! What do you say?"

"What I said before," replied Christopher, preparing to get down from the chariot. "If my cloak is worth your team to you, it's worth all the world to me, and more, too!" And with that he put his foot on the step.

"Out with you, then, for a beggarly curmudgeon!" cried the young man, angrily, giving Christopher a shove, and at the same time whipping up his horses.

Christopher fell forward on the road, and one of the wheels of the chariot passed over his leg, and the young man drove off in a cloud of dust.

"Well," said Christopher to himself, picking himself up, "he was not so polite as he seemed, after all. But, at any rate, I didn't lose my cloak!"

Luckily, there were no bones broken; but he limped as he walked, and the chances of his arriving that night at his journey's end seemed small, indeed. The mountains looked very far away.

Hobbling along as fast as he could, he discerned in the dusk a figure standing by the side of the road, as if awaiting his approach. Christopher had learned that it is not always safe to trust to appearances; but the kindly and benevolent aspect of this personage gained upon him at once, and he thought that here, at last, was somebody who would really befriend him. The man, who was a little past middle age, with a long iron-gray beard, greeted Christopher with grave courtesy, and inquired whither he was going.

"I am on my way to the Mountains of the Sun," replied Christopher, with a sigh; for he felt weary, and the vigor of boyhood and of youth had abated within him. The day had been a long one, even longer than he knew; for months had passed as minutes in the enchanted valley, and he, too, had a gray beard, reaching well-nigh to his girdle.

"I have not waited in vain, then," remarked the other man. "In truth, I was expecting you. You are not the first who has attempted this journey—I myself have been of the number—and I shall be glad if I can aid or guide your progress—if," he added, fixing his eyes upon him, "you are resolved to persevere."

"Of that there can be no doubt," returned Christopher. "What else should I do? But you say that you have been there. Is the way a very difficult one?"

"Nay, I did not say that I had been there," replied the other. "Neither I—nor any other."

"What! No one?" exclaimed Christopher. "That can hardly be, for my mother is there awaiting me."

"Friend," said his companion; "it is the part of friendship not to disguise the truth. You are engaged in a hopeless enterprise. No human foot has ever trod those mountains. In fact, they are but an illusion of the mind, a vision that deceives the eye, but recedes ever as we struggle toward it. Those who are wise know this from sad experience. Believe me, your mother is not there. Years ago she died, and all that is left of her lies in a grass-grown grave far down in the valley that lies behind you. She told you a fable, fearing, in her love, to disclose to her loving son the bitter truth. You have lost her, friend, as all must lose the guardians of their infancy. You will never see her more. Awake you from your dream! Accept the reality. Your existence—the existence of all men—begins and ends within the Valley of Alameda."

"Can this be true!" murmured Christopher, in a shaken voice; and for the first time his faith and purpose wavered. Yet, if it were true, he felt that there was not grief enough in all human nature to express the anguish of his single soul. The Mountains of the Sun an illusion! Could his mother—his own honored and beloved mother—have so deceived him!

"It is the truth," his companion reiterated; "but do not let the truth vanquish your spirit. Be as I am, as all men are. Say farewell to foolish hopes and enjoy what remains; and what remains is not to be despised. Riches, ease, dignity, power, the gratification of every taste, the attainment of all earthly ambition, a long life, a comfortable and respected age—are not these things better than a will-o'-the-wisp? Come, throw off despondency, and with it throw off this shabby and ragged cloak, the symbol and sign of your folly and deception."

But at these words, Christopher, instead of yielding to the subtle persuasion, wrapped the cloak more closely around him, and, lifting his head, looked the other sternly in the face.

"I know you now!" he said; "yo[illegible] my enemy—the same that I met as a boy by the riverside, and as a youth in the chariot; ever seeking to delay and mislead me, and to rob me of the only precious thing that man can possess. But you shall not prevail. Out of my path! If death be the end, I will die with my face toward a hope which is better than all the realities of the Valley of Alameda."

It was now dark night; the sky was obscured by clouds, the air was cold, and the wind moaned among the pines that grew on the desolate acclivities of the mountain. But upward went Christopher, though now with trembling limbs and laboring breath. He knew not if he had kept to the right path; he only knew that his goal was above him, and that he would reach it or perish. Sometimes he stumbled and fell among the boulders; sometimes he trod on the brink of precipices, when a step aside would have dashed him to pieces; sometimes the threats of phantoms seemed to sound in his ears; sometimes, glancing upward, he saw, or thought he saw, through a rift in the clouds, a bright star shining upon the snow on a distant summit. And often he would have given up the struggle, but that his mother's voice, speaking still in his heart, bade him not to despair, but to have faith, and endure to the end.

It was near morning when he found himself standing on the edge of a vast and seemingly bottomless ravine, extending right and left, and forming an impassable gulf between the higher part of the mountain and that which he had been ascending. Looking down, he saw wreaths of gray vapor far below him, and heard the murmur of some invisible cataract; while on the further side, and unattainable, the snowy pinnacles rose higher and higher, and leaning toward one another formed a sublime pyramid, beyond which was the airy brightness of the increasing dawn.

Either this brightness dazzled his eyes or he saw a figure emerge from the midst of it, partaking of its luster, and advance toward him along a path that seemed made of rosy light. It was like the figures that he had beheld around the mountain-top, when, as a boy, he had gazed up thither from the valley. But about the figure there was something that he thought he recognized.

Involuntarily he stepped forward, with arms extended, and face alight. He stepped forward into the empty air of the great abyss.

But then a wonder happened; for the air supported him—nay, buoyed him upward. Marveling how this could be, he saw that the ragged old cloak, which he had never forsaken, was unfolded behind him as a pair of majestic pinions; and as he rode up on them, and was borne into the early sunlight, they took on hues like the rainbow; and a new life and youth were born within him, not like the life and youth that he had lost in the valley, but mighty and immortal. The glory of it abashed him, and he said to himself that it could have been only his mother's love, the memory of which he had kept sacred and unprofaned in his soul, that had had the power thus to transfigure and uplift him.

Now a sound of divine music filled the sparkling air; beings of light, winged like himself, soared on either side of him; but his eyes saw only the smile of welcome in his mother's face. He felt her hand in his; the sun rose above the mountain-top; and in the splendor of his radiance they passed on together, and were invisible.

THE END.

“LOVE FOR AN HOUR IS LOVE FOREVER.”*

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of “Friend Olivia,” “The Beads of Tasmer,” “The Household of McNeil,” etc.

CHAPTER III—*(Continued).*

“SQUIRE! Do I think shamefully of my niece? No, sir; I do not. Francesca is incapable of anything clandestine.”

“They met in the garden.”

“What by that? The moment before they met, Francesca had not known of the young man's existence. She told me about their interview. He is a very pleasant young man, Rashleigh. You cannot say different.”

“He is his father's son. I can say that.”

“We must be just, Rashleigh. The father gave you the first offer. And when you refused it, he told you plainly he must go to Bingley. He was very straightforward.”

“I do not think, Loida, that a wrong being ‘straightforward’ makes it any easier to bear.”

“O! But it does. One would rather have a stab in the breast than in the back. But you need not fear Francesca will ever give you a back-blow. She has all the honor of her race, and all the native modesty of a pure, proud woman. You may send her into the world with a safe heart, Rashleigh.”

“I was thinking of it. I know well that keeping a woman in a lonely place is no protection. God Almighty shut the first woman up in a garden, and even *He* could not keep her safe. I had a letter this morning from my friend, Thomas Idle. His daughter Jane is going to be married, and he wants us to come to Idleholme. I cannot go, but thou might take Francesca. She will be the better for a change.”

“Why cannot you go, also?”

“I should leave myself behind. I can do nothing for nor against Leigh's mill, but I like to be on the spot. Something may turn up to my advantage or against it. Either way, I want to be ready and waiting.”

“Have you thought about Almund Idle?”

“I have. Like cures like, and one love may cast out another. If Francesca has taken a liking to that son of Stephen Leigh's, young Idle may at least set it wavering. He is not a bad kind, I fancy, what I have seen of him.”

“I know nothing of the family.”

“They are good stock. I used to think no one was worthy of Francesca, but I feel now that it will be luck enough to have her wed some one that I do not hate. This is a disappointing life, Loida. We are sure of such great things when we first begin to reckon up our treasure, and every day we have to count less, and give up here and take off there, until we are glad to get ten where we thought once to get a hundred. I used to think of a lord, at least, for my Francesca. I will be grateful now if she will only give me a son out of a county family that I can bear to see come in and out with any kind of pleasure.”

“I wish you would not nurse a prejudice, Rashleigh. I am sure young Leigh made a great impression on Francesca, and her heart is not one to lose that impression readily.”

“I am sure if she marries that young man she will never see my face again.”

“Rashleigh!”

“I mean what I say. She may go to him, but she cannot bring him to me. No, no! My Frances will do nothing like that. She knows I hold his father as the worst enemy I ever had. Do you think she will open my housedoor to the son? Will she dare to write his name among those of her own ancestors? It is not likely, is it, Loida?”

“Squire, I have seen this thing come to pass—men swear to themselves, and then find it right and just to forswear their oath. The world changes so fast now, that no one can safely say: ‘Next year I shall feel as I do this year.’”

“If it comes to feeling, Loida, how many years has thou been faithful?”

“When the Loved One is absent and silent, he can neither grieve nor wrong us. Then it is easy to be faithful. And what is life worth without love, Rashleigh?”

“A poor thing, Loida! It is earth without verdure, and it is bread without salt. Tell Frances to go to Jane Idle's wedding. Maybe nothing comes of it! A girl may go through the world and never meet a lover; and then, some day, when she is safe at home, Love may come riding up and wreck her whole life. It is a very queer thing, but I have seen it so. I am going to the cover for an hour. When I am a bit put out, it is relieving to fire a gun at something, is it not, Loida?”

She watched him out of sight, and then went to look for her niece. Francesca had gone to the village. No one knew why she had gone, nor yet why she had chosen to walk there. Indeed, Francesca could not herself have explained the “wherefore” of her whim. But it was an exquisite morning in October, and the sweetly insinuating melancholy of the season inclined her to put herself in touch with it. She pushed her feet through the faded grasses and leaves. She felt the perfume of the dying strawberry-vines, and it went to her heart like a psalm. The air was subtle, and the amber rays shone through the delicate mist, as through an etherial vail of air made visible. And all the time the church-bells were ringing slowly and softly—a grave harmony, swelling and dilating in the morning air. Now and then also a breeze—a mere puff—just lifted the dying leaves, and left her senses full of delicious perfume and languor—that intermediate melancholy, which is at the root of all true happiness.

She wandered slowly onward, knowing no more why she did so, than why in June she went to the rose-bushes every morning to lay her face against the flowers and taste their scent and feel the rose-dew on her lips. She was not thinking of anything, but her mind was in that quiescent state, which good influences can inform. So she slowly strolled homeward, and was in a road where the interweaving branches of birches made a lace-work of trees against the sky, when she heard the quick gallop of a horse's feet. It roused in her no speculation, and gave to her heart no warning. Only when the rider drew rein and leaped to her side, did she turn her eyes upon him.

It was Lancelot Leigh, and in the moment of their meeting Lancelot saw both love and joy flash into her face. It was swift as thought to come and go, but it made an unconscious community of feeling between them. With his bridle over his arm he walked by her side, saying only the commonest words, and yet charging them with all of love's subtle longing and unconscious worship. The first formal greetings over, there were a few moments of silence. Both were embarrassed. It was Francesca who first began to talk with eager rapidity, on whatever subject was nearest to her.

“That is the wise robin,” she said, as they passed the bird. “He sings as cheerfully among the scarlet haws in October as he did in March among the hawthorn flowers.”

“I wonder if we shall be like him—as happy facing our life's winter as our youth's spring?” said Lancelot.

“I think we ought to be. My father was as happy as he could be, until—”

Then she suddenly remembered, and became silent.

“Until my father began to build the mill. I am so sorry about it. Will you believe me?”

“Yes. I do believe you.”

“I would not give you—or any one you loved—pain. If you desired it, and the mill was mine, I would stop building this hour.”

“Have you ever walked through Atherton Dingle?”

“No. I would like to visit it. Will you show it to me some day? I hear it is a little fairy-land.”

“Indeed, it is. In May and June and July it is like that heavenly hill, which God called ‘Paradise.’ The lights are so softly green, the little cascades leap so joyfully, and, oh, the wild-flowers and the lady-ferns! They are beautiful beyond belief. To make its waters black with oils and dyes; to cover its flowers and verdure with the refuse of spinning-mills! How could any one think of such a desecration? I am sure Nature can suffer murder. The sod would feel the sharp spade, and the sweet flowers sadly give up their fair lives and the waters mourn for their loss for—

> “‘'Tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes.’

Can you not feel this?”

“I feel every word you say, like a wound in my own heart. But, alas! to most men—

> “‘A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more.’”

“We have both been quoting Wordsworth,” said Francesca.

“People quote him almost unconsciously; he has so many ‘felicities.’ I do not profess to be less practical than my age, but yet I prefer poets to philosophers, for—

> “‘Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
> Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
> Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine.’”

“That is true,” answered Francesca. “There was an awful rainbow once in heaven. But we know its woof and texture, and have put it into the dull catalogue of common things. That is also a poet's way of lamenting the practical life we now live. Do you hear the blackbird singing? It sings at noon when all the other birds are silent. I wonder if he is proud of his song.”

“I suppose so. What joyful creatures birds are. No wonder that Aristophanes makes them address men as—

> “‘Naked and featherless,
> Feeble and querulous,
> Sickly, calamitous,
> Creatures of clay;’

and bids them—

> “‘Attend to the words
> Of the sovereign birds,
> Immortal, illustrious
> Lords of the air,
> Who survey from on high,
> With a merciful eye,
> Our struggles of misery,
> Labor and care.’”

“Is that from Aristophanes? I have read his life, but none of his poetry. Men read such books at their college, do they not?”

“You may read with delight his ‘Birds.’ It is the ‘Midsummer Night's Dream’ of Greece.”

He was not really thinking of the Greek poet. He was only feeling how soon the pleasant meeting would be over. He could not say what he wanted to say, and if he had found the language he desired, he would still have been afraid to utter it. The girl at his side walked in an atmosphere he could not enter. And yet she delayed her steps, and he felt she willingly delayed. She listened to him with eyes full of light and sympathy; he felt that he interested her. But all his usual self-confidence had deserted him. The petty, pretty compliments he had offered to a score of lovely women seemed too cold and meaningless. He would have talked to her in words made on purpose, but he could not make them. For he felt that their conversation had been forced and misleading, a thin coat of ice over a river deep, resistless beneath it.

And they were now at the park gates, standing in the shadow of the thickets of Laurestine and Pyracauthus. She was thanking him—hoping to see him again—speaking such ordinary words as were natural, but in a strangely conscious, embarrassed manner. For at this last minute, Lancelot's eyes were saying what his coward tongue had shirked; and, as she hesitated her commonplace adieu, his dilating iris held her to the spot. He was reading her very soul, and paying no attention whatever to her words.

Then there was the sound of rapid footsteps, the Laurels were sharply struck, the birds flew out in a cloud and Squire Atherton set the gate wide open. He looked at Lancelot and returned his bow very slightly. Francesca said:

“I met Mr. Leigh in the birch avenue; he has kindly walked to the gates with me, father.”

“Very kind of Mr. Leigh, I am sure. Good day, sir.” Then he turned suddenly and faced the young man: “And thou may as well understand the ‘good day’ is for every day as well as this one. I did not seek thy acquaintance, and it is not pleasant to me to have it. If thou had any sense or right feeling thou would have understood so much.”

“Squire, I beg your pardon. I have no ill feeling toward you.”

“Thou would be a queer one if thou had. I never did thee or thine any wrong that I know of. But Leigh is wronging Atherton this day and every day, and when I tell thee to keep out of my sight, and away from my home and my daughter, I show thee quite as much Christianity as thou has any right to expect.”

Lancelot looked at Francesca, and his eyes made an appeal that was irresistible.

“Father,” she said, “Mr. Leigh is very sorry about the mill. He told me so. He would stop the building of it if he could.”

“Then he is a very bad son—a particularly bad son—and I am right glad he is no kin of mine. If he had stood by his father and threeped me to my face that his father was right, and I was far wrong, I would have thought a deal better of him.”

The squire was answered by Stephen Leigh himself. The old man had seen his son and Miss Atherton together, and had felt a sudden kind feeling toward the young people; and as Stephen had the most exalted idea of his own influence, and of his own way of managing the most difficult affairs, he had felt no delicacy in interfering. His heart was full of affection; he was planning a munificent offer, and no doubts or wavering stayed his steps. The squire, Francesca and his own son stood a little behind the Laurels at the entrance. In the intense feeling dominating each heart Stephen's footsteps on the turf had not been noticed; and when he answered boldly the squire's assertion he took every one by surprise.

“I can threep for mysen, squire; and if Lance thinks differently to his father, he is a man now and he has a right to his awn thoughts. Good morning, Miss Atherton. I saw you and my Lance walking together, and a bonny couple you made. The eye not charmed with you has no light in it. Come, squire; if you will walk forward a bit I hev a friendly offer to make. Why should we bark and bite at each other?”

“Mr. Leigh, you have done your worst to Squire Atherton. Your mill is an offense to me, morning, noon and night, and your offer of friendship is insult added to wrong.”

“Well, squire, one may bid, but it takes two to make a bargain.”

“Sir, I want to make no bargain with you.”

“Mebbe, now, our children may hev more sense. I notice that my Lance is varry fond of being near Atherton Court. The apple is not far from the apple-tree, is it, squire?”

“Speak for your own child, Mr. Leigh. My daughter is beyond your consideration.”

“No offense meant, squire. I am used to speaking plainly. There are no mouse-corners in my mind.”

“Your mind is your own, sir. I do not interfere with it!”

Then he looked toward Francesca, and saw that Lancelot was talking to her in hurried, eager tones—pleading, apologizing, saying he hardly knew what.

“Francesca!”

The one word, uttered by the angry father, was instantly obeyed. Francesca bowed slightly to Lancelot, and went to her father's side. He stood a moment looking at the two Leighs, then his fine breeding asserted itself. He lifted his hat, gave his daughter his arm, and with a forced deliberation turned into the park.

Francesca had obeyed him, but her heart was in rebellion; and, as they walked homeward and the squire muttered to himself and kicked the pebbles at his feet with a meaning indignation, she gradually began to express her anger, in most unequivocal words.

“You treated me very badly, father. I do not like to be called, as if I was a dog, ‘Francesca!’”

And she imitated the dictatorial tone of the squire, with temper that made the one sweet word an intolerable offense.

“Thou should not call thyself, in any such way. I never did so.”

“Yes you did, father. And you behaved badly to the Leighs. Suppose they have built a mill near us! They bought the land to build it on. All Yorkshire does not belong to us. A great many county families have had to put up with mills near them. In the long run, they find the mill a great benefit. Mr. Leigh wants to be friendly.”

“Be quiet. Leigh friendly! I wonder if the world is coming to an end! I wonder if I am Squire Atherton or not! I

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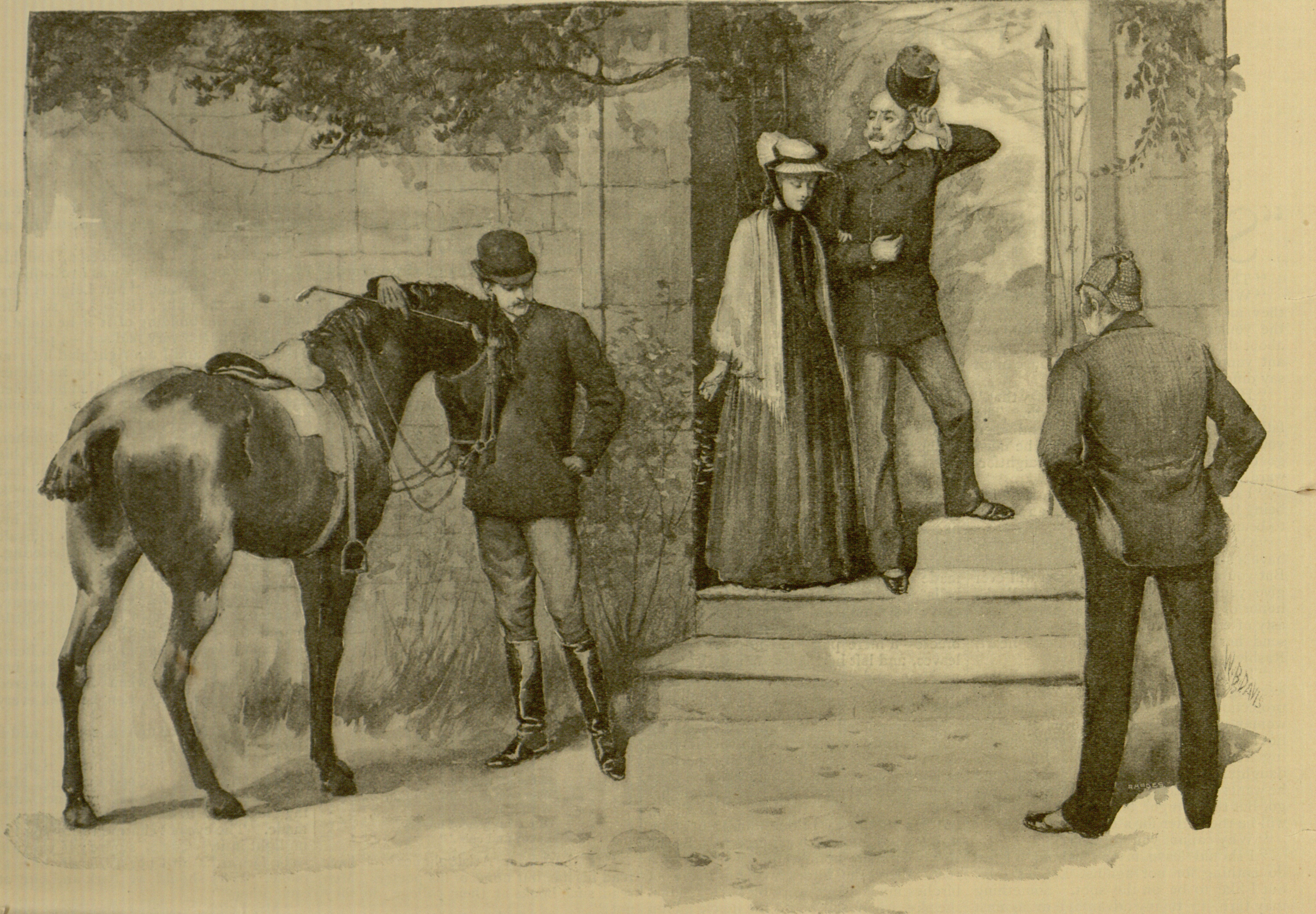


THE PARTING OF THE LEIGHS AND THE ATHERTONS AT THE PARK GATE.

wonder if thou art really Francesca Atherton! Everything is upside down, I think!"

"Mr. Lancelot Leigh met me in the birch walk. I suppose he had as much right there, as I had. He got off his horse, and walked with me to the park gates. And we talked of Wordsworth and the birds and such like."

"He had no right to get off his horse. And 'birds and Wordsworth and such like,' are not for thee and him to talk about. The 'weather' was far enough for him to go—and too far. I know what 'Wordsworth and such like' means. I know men send poetry, where good honest prose would not dare to venture. If ever a young man and a young woman get together, they begin talking poetry. It is their way of flying round a candle."

"I never knew you to talk vulgarly before, father."

"My lass, every one gets down to their vulgar tongue, when their heart is hot with insult and wrong. I think thou behaved very badly, talking poetry and birds and such like with a spinner's son. Ask thy aunt Loida."

"Aunt Loida will say I did nothing wrong."

"Thou wilt find out different."

And greatly to Francesca's amazement, Loida took the squire's part, decidedly.

"The lady of Atherton Manor," she said, "ought not to walk with young men in the lanes and by-ways. If Mr. Leigh wanted to see you," she continued, with mild indignation, "he should have called here. He had no right to get off his horse and impose his company on you."

"I liked his company. It was no imposition. I am so weary of this life. The days come and go, and they are all the same. Oh! how I wish something strange would happen!"

"It is very foolish, Francesca, to wish to see beyond your horizon. And wishes are like bits of stained glass: you see nothing through them in its true colors."

"Aunt Loida, I have heard that you were once very fond of company and gay doings. How can you live here?"

"Ah, Francesca! When our joys die, they find no grave for us. We must live on, just as the rose-tree lives, though all its flowers be broken off. The spring brings roses again if the tree lives on; perhaps I am waiting for life's second spring. If you are tired of this quiet home, however, you may soon have a change. Jane Idle is going to be married, and we are going to Idleholme."

"How glad I am! Whom is Jane going to marry?"

"I do not know the gentleman. He is called Crewe. Jane has a brother, I believe?"

"I have heard talk about him. His name is Almund. He is very clever. She used to boast of him when we were at school. But all the girls boasted of their brothers. Shall I have some new dresses, Aunt Loida?"

"Some new dresses will be very necessary. Come and let us look through your wardrobe."

No better way could have been devised to soothe the irritation of the morning, and in the discussion of toilet fineries, Lancelot was for the time forgotten.

But Lance was not able to forget. His ride home was rendered bitter, not only by a sense of personal defeat and humiliation, but by the anger of his father. Stephen Leigh felt all the reasonable indignation of those whose gift is flung back in their face.

"I came up with a kind heart," he said, "and I think mysen as good a man as Rashleigh Atherton. I fancy he looks down on us a bit, but we can count Leighs with Athertons any day. And if it comes to brass, we can put down a hundred sovereigns to one that any Yorkshire squire hes! Ay—any of them!"

"I have set my heart on marrying Miss Atherton, father."

"Well, then, thou shall marry her, if thou hes set thy heart on her. Eh, Lance, iverything can be bought, but day and night."

"I am afraid your interference this morning was a mistake. You do not know anything about such men as Squire Atherton, and the society he lives in."

"Niver thee mind. I know all about investments and percentages; and, though love may do a great deal, money does iverything. By all I could make out, that young lady seemed well suited with thee. I thought you were walking varry loving-like together, and I came up ready to settle iverything plain and square, for I hate any back-stair work."

"I fear, however, that I have lost her forever."

"Nay, I wouldn't fear anything. Hope is as cheap as despair."

"The squire is beyond calculation, and—"

"He is beyond pleasing, if that is what ta means. I don't blame him varry much. He sees that he'll soon be nobody where he hes been iverybody. What is the squire to the loom-lord who runs a thousand spindles and keeps a whole village thriving and busy?"

"The squire is an old friend to the village."

"My lad, it isn't the old friend, but the rich friend. Poor folk cannot afford to know poor folks. That is it."

"But even so, why should the loom-lord put down the squire? There is room for both."

"Nay, there is not. If two apples grow on one twig, and the twig is too small for both of them, the weakest is bound to fall to the ground. Atherton Village is too small for two masters, and the master that hes the 'wherewith' will hev the service. Now, then, let that proud girl go. Thy mother is fain for thee to marry Maria Crossley. Couldn't thou fancy her for a wife?"

"I will marry Miss Atherton, or die a bachelor for her sake."

"Well, I niver! Thou is a fool! And I don't know whether I ought to answer thee according to thy folly or not."

Lancelot laughed.

"You are in no greater strait than Solomon was, father. First, he says: 'Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be, also, like unto him.' Then again he says: 'Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.'"

"Well, then, what dost thou make by that?"

"I suppose Solomon was balancing between the homeopathy and the allopathy of morals."

"Keep thy jokes to thysen, Lance, and see if thou can find sense enough to get a new sweetheart. Maria is a varry pretty lass."

"There is only one love in the world for me, father."

"Tip-top nonsense!"

And the old man looked at his son with that contemptuous pity age often bestows on a youth who throws away a fine appetite on a dinner of one course. They were at the stable-door, and, as Stephen slowly got out of his stirrups, he added:

"It is not hard to forget, Lance. Keep away from Atherton for a week or two. Out of sight is out of mind, my lad."

But while the father was giving orders about the weary horses, and talking of oats and buckles and saddles, Lance was walking through the leafless garden, singing softly to himself:

"'That out of sight is out of mind,
Is true of most we leave behind;
It is not true, nor can be true,
My own, my only love, of you!'"

CHAPTER IV.

The fountains mingle with the river,
  And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mist forever
  With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single,
  All things by a law divine,
"In one another's being mingle,
  Why not I with thine?"

However careful we are in the arrangement of our plans, something, and often the most important thing, escapes consideration. Squire Atherton in encouraging the visit of his daughter to Idleholme never reflected on the possibility of its being in the neighborhood of Leigh Farm, nor yet that the two families might be acquainted with each other. Yet both of these circumstances existed, and they were made evident to Francesca a few days after her arrival at Idleholme.

As her stay was likely to extend over some weeks, she was accompanied by her own riding horses and groom; and one morning, when every one appeared to be exclusively occupied with affairs relating to the approaching marriage, she determined on a gallop across the wold, attended only by her servant. She was accustomed to a life so quiet and so full of orderly refinement, that the hurry and laughter, the endless demands, the running about, the sense of feasting, and of preparation for more feasting, had become excessively tiresome to her. She was nervous and fretful, and longing for the peace of Nature, even though Nature appeared to be hostile.

For the weather was gray and wintry,

and the black, low-hanging clouds portended a coming storm. Jane protested and Miss Loida advised, but Francesca was not to be moved from her desire.

"If I do not ride this morning I cannot dance to-night," she said. "I am tired of human beings. Let me take my own way now, and I will take every one's way afterward."

She had been, indeed, singularly affected by daily contact for a week with Jane's brother, a young man of distinctly modern type. Almund Idle had been everywhere and had seen everything. He could play billiards, and quote Horace, and make money on the stock exchange. Small, alert and rather handsome, he was also polished and exceedingly proper; there were no angles about him and he had no illusions.

"I am not at ease in his company," Francesca said to her aunt. "If there is any thought in my heart I need not put it into words; he is sure to know all about it."

"Your father thinks very well of Almund Idle. He will be a great man, Francesca, and I think he is fond of ladies' society."

"He is very fond of his sister Jane, and she is as clever as her brother."

"He was saying, yesterday, that Shakespeare had a miraculous intelligence in making Hamlet sisterless. He thought Hamlet failed in being a hero because he had no sister to help him. His mother was not good, and Ophelia—withdrew, and there was no Sister Jane near. That was the way he put it."

Francesca was buttoning her habit, and she tossed her beautiful head a little scornfully as she answered Miss Loida.

"It was Hamlet's own fault that Ophelia *withdrew*. I heard Jane teasing her brother yesterday about some young lady she called Lydia. I hope he is engaged. I should feel so much more at ease with him if I knew he was human enough to be in love."

Then she kissed her aunt and went out into the grim winter day; for no scenery in England is sadder and wilder than that of the West Riding in winter weather. The bleak range of low hills before her was partitioned into fields by leagues and leagues of stone walls, and here and there she came upon a dreary village or a desolate mansion standing forlorn on the bare wold.

The uncouth manners and the strong, rude dialect of the quarrymen she met was disconcerting. They stared at her with sullen ill-will, or looked down upon the earth as they passed her. The very sheep lifted their heads as if annoyed at her intrusion, and watched her suspiciously as she rode away into the gray, dull dampness enveloping the landscape.

It was a relief to come suddenly upon a little church set in a grove of yew-trees. There were a number of carriages around it, and some rosy-cheeked children said: "It wer' a wedding doo-ment." They were waiting for bride coins, and in the interval spelling, across the churchyard gate, a name and date across a marble slab standing white and lonely near by.

She read it to them:

"'You shall pray for the souls of Bernard and Margaret Dysart, who died A. D., 1600.'"

Then she went thoughtfully onward. There was a nearness to heaven in the words; a sure belief that God's mercy for departed souls was still to be reached by human intercession, that gave to her a singular serenity. The world seemed instantly another place. She began to pray for the souls of Bernard and Margaret Dysart; and the act made her realize something of that personal communication with God, which Adam lost and which Protestants reject.

The few solemn words lifted her above the dreeping atmosphere, and then—so startling are the antitheses of life—out rang the wedding-chimes—

"Low at times and loud at times,
Rang the beautiful old chimes."

And, as she listened, the wind changed, and snow began to fall. She was at least six miles from Idleholme, and she looked around for some house in which she could take shelter.

"If we could find a cottage, Peel," she said to her groom, "I would remain there until you went back and sent the carriage for me. I do not like to ride through a snowstorm."

She was really thinking how uncomfortable it would be for every one, if she took cold and was ill during the wedding festivities.

"I should think there was a house behind yonder plantation of firs, Miss Atherton. It is not more than half a mile away."

She looked a moment at the dark spot in the gray atmosphere, and galloped toward it. The groom's supposition was correct; it was the screen on one side for a large rambling mansion, whose frontage and gardens faced the other way. Francesca rode up to what appeared to be the main entrance, but she could obtain no recognition and she directed her horse to a large door at the other end of the building.

Here she was met by a middle-aged woman, who not very willingly acceded to her request for shelter until a carriage could be sent for her. It was evident the woman felt no pleasure in granting the hospitality requested; but hospitality is the native instinct of a Yorkshire woman, and the circumstances which kill it altogether must, indeed, be unusual and unavoidable. Indeed, after the first reluctance had been surmounted, Francesca's hostess softened in a very marked manner. She would not permit the groom to have the extra care of the emptied horse.

"Thou will hev enough to get thysen and thy awn horse over the moor," she said. "I 'll hev the young lady's sent to manger. Ride hard, or thou mebbe won't ride at all."

Then she led Francesca into the house. It was a remarkable old place, and Francesca won her way into the woman's heart by her frank expression of interest and delight.

"Thou should see it in summer time," she said, proudly. "Such a place for bees and birds and fruit and flowers isn't in Yorkshire! No, not in all Yorkshire. Come in, thou art freely welcome."

They went into a long, low parlor with deep, sunk windows and a waist-high wainscot of black oak. There were heavy oak beams across the roof, and Dutch cupboards in the corners, full of Royal Derby china. There were some old pictures upon the walls, and a sword over the door that had been used on Edgehill and at Marston Moor. The furniture was massive and homely, but it had an air no money could buy.

"The Leighs hev lived here, young lady, for generations on generations," said Francesca's entertainer. "We niver did count oursens county people, but we are mebbe a bit better than some that do. I hev a husband that is all for new ways of living; his awn father and mother wouldn't know his thoughts, and I hev a son who couldn't abide to live in the old house as it was. His father and him hed a new part built, and they hev satin and gold chairs—gilt I mean, honey—for all the gold is gilt these days. And they hev books and pictures and music-making instruments and ivery other kind of nonsense. But I live here. I live here, in the old rooms where my people lived and died before me. They went to heaven out of them, and I am not sure they like heaven as well. For they come back here. Yes, they do!"

She made the statement with such solemn conviction, that Francesca never thought of disputing it.

"I hev seen Grandfather Leigh twice this week. Husband says I am dreaming. But I told him it was not varry likely I would be ironing fine laces or counting up my dairy book and dreaming of Mark Leigh at the same time. Was it now?"

"I am sure it was not."

"Well, I was doing up a bit of Brussels last Wednesday, and in he came. I saw him as fair as I see you. He went straight to that cupboard, and began to move the tea-cups, and I said: '*Grandfather!*' and he was gone."

"Why did he go? Why did he not tell you, or show you what he wanted?"

"Nay, my lass! Dead men seem to be as contrary and senseless as living ones. Grandfather niver would tell his women anything while he lived, and he does not appear to be any more open in his mind, now that he is dead. He came again on Saturday—just at the edge of the night. I was adding up the milk and butter, and he stood right there, by that table, and watched me. I said: 'Wait a minute, do, grandfather!' and I went to call my husband, but when we came back he was gone. Stephen—that is my husband—said 'it was a varry queer thing.' And I am sure it was. I thought Stephen would hev laughed at me, but he didn't; he just looked sharply in my face, and went out again. There was a 'feeling' in the room that made one's flesh creep and turn cold, and Stephen said: 'It's a varry queer thing,' and went away."

"Have you lived long here?"

"All my life—*mebbe longer.*"

She was sitting by a little table at Francesca's side, and she appeared suddenly to remember herself.

"Why-a, whativer am I thinking of?" she asked. "Thou wilt hev a cheese-cake and a glass of milk, I dare say. Or if ta likes a bit of Yorkshire pie, I hev one that cannot be beat."

She served Francesca with a Yorkshire plenteousness, and, as the girl smiled her thanks, she said, questioningly:

"You tell me that you have lived in this house all your life—*maybe longer.* What do you mean?"

"Dost ta really think one lifetime, however long it be, can give us enough of this world? Nay, my lass. There is a deal more to see and to hear, to learn and to feel than can be got through with in three-score and ten years."

Francesca looked curiously at the woman. She was slowly rubbing the polished blade of a knife with a fine napkin. Her interest appeared to be settled on the homely duty, but she was thinking of eternity. When she lifted her eyes, they were full of dreams and speculations.

"You must love this old house, then, Mrs. Leigh?"

"Love it! If it was a needs-be, I would glue its stones together with my heart's blood—aye, my lass, with the heart-blood of them that are dearer to me than my own life. What is this life?" she asked, with a contemptuous flip of the napkin in her hand. "Only a moment out of eternity. But my talk is all nonsense to thee, I dare say, and I wish my son Lance was at home. He knows how to talk—aye, to the best of people. But there is a wedding on hand not far off, and if you go to a wedding you hev to take a gift in your hand, or a cold welcome would be given, I 'm sure."

"When I am married I will not accept gifts from my guests," said Francesca.

"I wouldn't, if I was thee. It is a mean doo, and varry few gifts come with a good will."

Then a servant entered with some complaint, and Mrs. Leigh left Francesca alone. The girl ate her cheese-cake and drank her milk, and sat before the fire musing, until she fell asleep. It was so strange to be in Lancelot's home and to be conversing with his mother. In all her simple life nothing so like an adventure had happened to her. She had discovered, also, that there must be an acquaintance between the Idles and the Leighs, or the latter would not have been asked to Jane Idle's wedding, nor would Lancelot have felt himself obligated in the matter of bride-gifts. And she thought of these things until she slept, and the thoughts in her mind turned to dreams.

When she awoke, Mrs. Leigh took her all through the house; for, in spite of her affected indifference to the modern additions, she had a certain half-scornful pride in the gilt and satin and the music-making instruments.

"This is my son's parlor," said the proud mother; and Francesca stepped with a shy pride just within the portal.

It was a very interesting room, well lighted, full of books and pictures and beautiful things. Standing boldly out between two windows, there was a grand piano; it was open and strewed with loose music. Mrs. Leigh touched the notes in a nervous manner."

"It is a varry fine instrument," she said. "It cost a lot; and Lance does take a deal of joy out of it. I wish you could hear him play and sing. My word! He can charm the tears and smiles out of the hardest heart."

Mechanically Francesca walked toward the instrument, and her eyes fell upon a sheet of written music above the keys. It was a song and the name was "Francesca!" She glanced down the page. Many words were there, but she could only see that one word "Francesca!" and it sang itself like music in her heart.

Yet she was glad to escape, for she had almost the sense of having been dishonorable. She had surprised a secret, but it pained her, just as surprising a mother-bird off her nest had often pained her. It was a relief to hide away in the corner of her carriage, and shut her eyes, as if by doing so, she could shut her discovery from herself.

It was a little adventure also to Mrs. Leigh, for she lived even more out of the world than Francesca did; and a beautiful young maiden eating a cheese-cake at her hearth was very like a fairy visit. She could hardly wait until Lance had removed his wrap to tell her news. While he was doing so, he was talking rapidly.

"I have had quite a pleasant day, mother!" he said. "I saw all kinds of pretty things, and I met Mary Taylor. Do you remember the little girl? She is grown into a beauty. It was worth going to Leeds to see her."

"If ta hed staid at home, thou would hev seen a ten times bigger beauty. There was a young lady here this morning that could take the shine out of any beauty I hev ever seen."

"A young lady here!"

"To be sure. The snow sent her to shelter, and she staid with me while her groom went for a carriage. I gave her a bit to eat and talked to her. A more sensible lass I niver saw—nor more agreeable. I took her all through the house, and she said ivery room in it was as nice as could be—except thy room, Lance. She said nothing about thy room, and I do think she thought as I do: that thy piano stands in a varry much-in-the-way place."

"What was she like, mother? Any one we know?"

"Nay, I know nobody like her. Her face was just sweet and bonny and loving. I took no notice of the color of her hair or the make of her clothes. She came on horseback, and she went away in a carriage—one of Squire Idle's, or I am much mistaken."

"Then it was some young lady who is staying there for the marriage."

Having given this opinion he was silent. He was thinking of Francesca, but not dreaming that she had been in his home. Indeed, no suspicion of the fact ever came to him until Jane Idle's wedding-day; for there was a heavy fall of snow and much bad weather, and it so happened that Lance did not call at Idleholme previously.

And it was one of the charms of Francesca's sweet nature that her love was not of that selfish kind which breeds jealousy and suspicion of slight or unkindness. The purest affection "thinketh no evil;" and Francesca did not mentally pout because her lover had no supernatural intuition of her presence in his neighborhood. Every day she hoped a little; every night she thought:

"How sorry he will be when he finds out we have missed another day."

She heard him frequently spoken of. Jane even wondered at his absence.

"I suppose," she said to her brother, "you and Lance Leigh have had another altercation?"

"We had a little argument about Lydia Thornton—but then, I enjoy Lance's arguments."

Almund was not inclined to discuss Lance Leigh with his sister. He knew Jane admired him very much, and he was averse to making Lance a point of interest in any conversation when Francesca was present. For he admired Francesca, and the idea of her as his future wife was growing sweetly into his life. He had been informed that a marriage between himself and Miss Atherton would be agreeable both to Squire Atherton and to his own father; and he knew well that an alliance with Lydia Thornton would not be agreeable to his family. Balancing the two loves in his mind was neither a difficult nor a disagreeable mental exercise.

For his love, in any case, would be a conscious and well-considered act. The elaborate and long-continued education of an English gentleman had destroyed in him all spontaneity of feeling. He had no illusions, and he was accustomed to challenge his emotions just as he challenged his opinions. Both had to show good grounds for their existence.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 47.]

◆

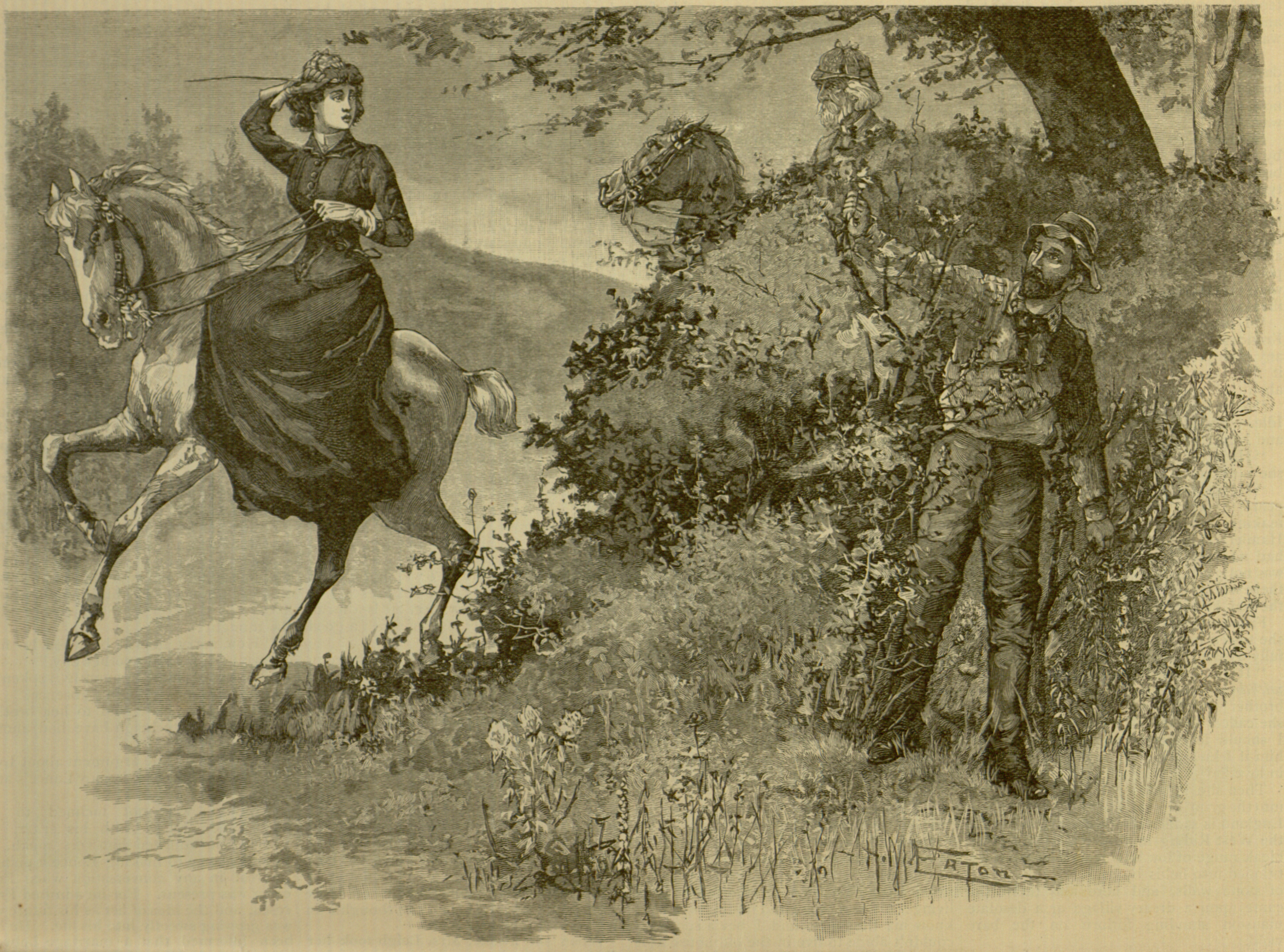
"IT'S MY WAY."

Many years ago, Edwin Forrest, the celebrated actor, was in the habit of dining at Windust's, a noted restaurant on Park Row, that was a favorite resort of actors and literary men. It usually happened that Forrest would be joined by friends, and that the little group would sit together at one table. On one occasion it chanced that an Englishman with a reputation for conceit and impertinence, who had scraped acquaintance with the tragedian, was one of the group.

Early in the course of the dinner, the Englishman began to make criticisms, which he considered pleasantries, about Forrest's conception of certain dramatic *rôles*. Encouraged by his own appreciation, he gave full play to his humor, and concluded each of his impertinencies with: "Pardon my freedom, sir; it 's my way."

To the astonishment of all who knew Forrest's irascible disposition, he bore the Briton's offensive remarks patiently, and seemingly ignored them as far as possible. When, however, the nuts were brought in by the waiter, he took several cracked walnuts in his hand, and, walking over to the Briton's place, jocularly snapped them successively in the face of that individual, lightly saying after each shot: "Pardon my freedom, sir; it 's my way," and snapped him out of the restaurant.

It cannot be questioned that the lesson which Forrest taught the impudent Englishman was thoroughly deserved. It should be digested by those who, having inordinate conceit and considerable facility of speech, imagine themselves privileged to vent their impertinence upon their associates by simply claiming that it is their "way."



TONI'S DISCOVERY IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

THE UNSIGNED WILL.[*]

In Three Numbers.--Number III.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. D. M. LOWREY,

From E. V. Holtz's German Tale.

CHAPTER V.

TONI lay for weeks at death's door. In her delirium she betrayed to both men the fact that she knew the whole history of the unsigned will, and that she thought continually of her faithless lover.

"I could not tell him who I was," she whispered, "I could not do it, but Dahlberg told him, and now I must die!"

Her uncle would clench his fist at these words, and mutter under his breath:

"He shall never see you again, never!"

No one knew of Oscar's whereabouts.

"Do you know whither he has gone, Rudolph?" asked Berning, one day.

The doctor shook his head.

"No one knows his present residence," he responded; "the proceedings in bankruptcy open to-day. His poor old mother! Where will she live in future, I wonder?"

Herr Berning did not answer, but the next day his sister-in-law received through the post from some unknown source a sum sufficient to place her above all care for herself. But her boy was her terrible sorrow. Her time of trial had indeed come! Knowing nothing of Oscar, and not being able to ascertain anything concerning him, the poor woman went almost mad with the fancies which filled her brain.

After weeks of terrible illness, Toni began to recover, but her feebleness and helplessness made careful attention more necessary than ever. They conversed with her as little as possible, answering the occasional questions which she asked about her sickness. Her uncle told her what he thought would interest her, in regard to his own life, but no mention in those early days of her convalescence was made of Oscar.

One day Toni called him to her and asked, not about her quondam lover, but, to his surprise, about the Countess of Hartenstein; but when he told her the countess had gone to Italy, she fell into a long and deathlike swoon. After that, they kept a guard on their lips, and let nothing escape which could alarm her.

But one day, a short time after, she heard part of an animated conversation between her uncle and Herr Dahlberg, the young advocate.

"I will not do it!" her uncle said, energetically; "I will not have the name of my dead brother dishonored. The grave is his protection, and I do not need the money. I will always have enough to satisfy me, and what I have my niece will have. She will be rich without the possession of Schorndorf. Mother and son are in deep distress, and I will not be the one to hunt them down. No, Dahlberg, I renounce every legal claim."

After that, Toni could understand nothing more, as they lowered their voices. "Mother and son are in deep distress," her uncle had said. What could it all mean? If she were only able to make inquiries, only able to go away! But she knew it was futile to ask her uncle or the doctor for any information. A few days later, the young advocate called to see her, and Toni, in spite of a secret antipathy for which she could hardly account, received him almost joyfully, for he knew all, and would not be reticent, she felt sure, in answering her queries. She knew him but slightly. He had been the attorney for the countess, and in his brief visits at the palace, had always seemed eager, she remembered, to pay her homage whenever opportunity offered. She was glad he had come; she would question him.

Dahlberg placed in her hand a bouquet of fresh violets, which filled the room with the delicate fragrance of spring; while out of doors the snow still covered the earth with its wintry mantle. The two young people stood facing each other, each pale and earnest, conscious of the gulf which separated them, and of the decisive words which must now be spoken.

Dahlberg spoke first.

"I am rejoiced, Fräulein Armfeld, that I am at last permitted to see you and to congratulate you upon your recovery."

Toni begged him to be seated, while she returned to the sofa from which she had risen when her visitor entered, still holding the violets in her trembling hand. To Herr Dahlberg her paleness and delicate appearance only enhanced her beauty, and his eyes told her without disguise what his heart would utter.

"Herr Dahlberg," said she, "pray put the violets in that glass yonder, and then tell me the news. Tell me all that has happened since I have been ill."

He divined her purpose, but related one thing after another, in order not to betray himself at once. Finally, he said:

"A mutual acquaintance of ours has disappeared—gone to ruin—and his true character has, perhaps, for the first time, been made known—Oscar Berning. Schorndorf has been sold under the hammer, and countless victims name him with imprecations."

Toni raised her head suddenly.

"Did you personally lose any money by his bankruptcy, Herr Dahlberg?" she asked, impetuously.

He colored involuntarily as he thought of the purpose which had induced him to purchase Oscar's note.

"Oh," he said, "that is a matter of little moment."

"And," said Toni, looking him full in the face, "was it not you that instituted the proceedings against him, Herr Dahlberg?"

"There were others with me, Fräulein Armfeld. Oscar is a spendthrift, a man without—"

"He is my kinsman, Herr Dahlberg; and, more than that, he is absent at this moment. Pray do not forget yourself."

There ensued a painful pause. Then the young man sought to take Toni's hand.

"Fräulein Armfeld," said he, "are you aware of the fact that Herr Berning talks of taking you back with him to Australia? Are you willing to leave your fatherland forever?"

Toni started and her head sank wearily on her hand.

"I did not know it," she said, shudderingly. "He has told me nothing of our future plans."

"It is, however, his fixed determination," responded Dahlberg. "He intends to take you, and very soon, too; and for that very reason I came here to-day. You have no family, Toni. You are deserted and lonely. Will you venture to follow an old man, almost a stranger to you, across the ocean, to be left, in all probability, entirely alone in a few short years? Your uncle is a good man, but an old one—over seventy—and his days upon earth are numbered. Toni, will you share my lot with me? Will you be my wife? I can offer you little, but I have a heart that beats for you alone, and I long to devote my life to your service. Will you consent? I have enough to give you all you can de-

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sire, and you can relinquish all claim to your uncle's property."

Toni had heard him quietly to the end, but he knew before she opened her lips that he had failed—that Toni Armfeld would never be his wife.

"Herr Dahlberg," answered a soft voice, "have you not betrayed the friend of your youth, in order to obtain what was his? Is that true, or do I err?"

He looked at her anxiously.

"'What was his?'" he responded, hardly grasping her full meaning.

"And is," answered she trembling and deadly pale, but steadily—"and is, and to all eternity will remain his. You have bought Schorndorf, the home he loved, and are doubtless happy now in its possession, but —but let that suffice for you."

The silence for a minute or two was painful; then she heard again the voice of her would-be suitor murmuring a farewell; the door was shut softly and she knew she was alone.

She threw her arms above her with a gesture of despair.

"They have driven my dear love away from his home, defamed his character, deprived him of his all; and even his own uncle has done nothing to save him. Unhappy man! Perhaps he has no friend who can assist him—knows no one to whom he can turn in his hour of need.

She felt she could endure this feeling of wretchedness and ignorance no longer. Her heart was almost breaking as she conjured up the dangers by which her loved cousin might be surrounded. But she was now resolved to know, at whatever cost, all that was to be known.

When her uncle came in that evening bringing her, as usual, books and danties to tempt her palate, she asked him abruptly and without any preface:

"Uncle, where is my cousin Oscar now? I want to hear everything you can tell me about him. Where is he?"

The old man looked at her. She was deadly pale at this moment. A quick daring answer came to him.

"You are sure yon wish me to tell you, Toni?" he asked.

"Yes, uncle."

"Very well. Oscar is at Naples with the countess."

She received the information very calmly, but her voice sounded hollow and lifeless when, after a moment, she said:

"Uncle, I will go with you to Australia when you go."

When speaking of this conversation later to the doctor, Herr Berning seemed hardly at ease in regard to his victory.

"I had to do it, Arning," he said; "it is better that she, even at the price of great anguish, should learn to forget this man. He would never have made her happy—doubtless never loved her at all."

The doctor shook his head.

"He has disappeared entirely," he said. "No one can find any trace of him."

"So much the better," nodded the old man. "So much the better. I pray she may never see him again."

Arning only smiled, but he did nothing to prevent his old friend carrying out his plans. He saw that Toni was legally adopted before they set sail, and even when the time of departure arrived contented himself with saying quietly:

"I shall see you both soon again."

Herr Berning shook his head.

"Then you must come out to me, old friend," he said.

Toni did not weep; her heart was too full.

"It is to me like a funeral," she whispered, "and I am the corpse. Farewell! My heart is broken and I care not whither I go."

"Karl," said Doctor Arning, "you hear her? Why will you not tell her you know absolutely nothing of her cousin?"

But the obstinate old man turned away.

"It is for her own good, Rudolph," he said. "I will take all the responsibility."

The doctor kissed the pale, cold lips of the young girl once more, mounted his horse and rode away. Half an hour later the ship sailed.

One pale, worn-looking man watched from a distance the ship set sail, and realized that the stake for which he had played was lost—Dahlberg, through whose treachery this had come to pass.

* * * * *

Two years had passed away since Herr Berning persuaded his niece to accompany him to Australia.

At Rosehill, a beautiful country residence not far from Adelaide, on a warm June evening were gathered, together all the farm-hands and household servants at their evening meal. It was a motley assemblage, among which England, Ireland and Germany were each represented. On this evening they were discussing with animation their new master, who had just arrived, having only recently purchased Rosehill. His niece was to be their future mistress, and of her the coachman, more fortunate than his fellows, having caught a glimpse of her in Adelaide, now spoke.

"She is very beautiful," said he, "charming, but not to my taste; too pale and thin, a kind of a saint, you know, who will teach Sunday-school and visit all the old women."

On this evening, as had been the case on many another, one of the servants was absent from the supper, and did not know that Rosehill had been sold and would be inspected on the morrow by its new owner.

Under a cluster of low trees lay Bob, the shepherd, while not far distant the sheep, of which he had charge, roamed at will, and were watched by several large dogs. He was reading an old and dilapidated book, whose loose leaves were scattered around him and for which he had but that morning paid his last dollar. It was Göthe's "Faust."

Perhaps he knew it all, and every word of the sublime tragedy sank deep into his heart, but on he read, missing no word, no scene. He was a lonely, disappointed man, to whom no new owner of Rosehill could bring either hope or fear. He had lived his life long ago, and the dark, glistening eyes told a story of misery and endurance. A large black dog came up to him at last, rubbing his nose in his hand, and Bob threw aside his book in order to caress his only friend.

* * * * *

The new master had come at last.

"It is the rich Herr Berning," whispered the people. "No one will starve under him."

Herr Berning took his niece through the house, courts, stables and grounds, to show her the new possessions of which she was mistress.

"Does it please you, my love," he whispered.

She smiled in the still, cold fashion that had seemed a part of herself since their departure from Europe, as she thanked him for his goodness; but, in spite of all, tears were glistening in her eyes, and he felt that her heart was not here and she was but nursing her sorrow.

"Uncle," she said, abruptly, "do you ever think of poor Aunt Regina, in all her misery?"

The old man answered, hastily:

"Oh, child, she was provided for long ago."

Toni put her hand over her eyes.

"Come," she said, gently, "come, we must not speak of Germany, it makes my heart too heavy. Now you must show me the village!"

He heard the misery in her voice, and saw the sorrow in her heart, which neither time nor change of scene had effaced, and the old man heaved a deep sigh. This was the third place which he had bought in the past two years, hoping that change of scene would benefit Toni.

He made no reply but showed her the miserable village with its wretched huts, and distributed some money among the villagers and farm hands. Bob, the shepherd, was not one of the number.

"He is a German, and very eccentric," said the steward, "and never cares for the company of the other lads, but an honest fellow withal; I will answer for him."

Berning laughingly said he would look after his countryman himself.

He rejoiced that his riches would enable him to alleviate to some extent, at least, the misery of the settlers, and felt that Toni would have something in which she could become interested.

"Is it not true," he said, pointing to the miserable hovels lying a short distance below them, "that the distress in these colonies is frightful?"

Toni shuddered.

"Uncle," she said, in a low voice, "one is forced to think it is wrong to indulge in personal grief or sorrow with so much suffering near us. We will enjoy our wealth by improving the condition of these poor people. We will help them to build a school, and I will teach in it myself."

"God be praised!" though the old man. "With something to occupy her mind she will certainly forget Oscar."

Aloud he gave her permission to do what she would in a most hearty manner.

"Now," he said, "we will go to see the sheep."

About a mile distant lay the sheepfolds, where the animals herded by the thousand during the night, and near by were the primitive huts of the shepherd lads who kept watch and ward.

Adjoining were the purple meadows, where the white rafflesia nodded its stately head, and in the distance the sheep were grazing.

The horses went on at a leisurely pace, while Toni and her uncle enjoyed the beautiful view, enhanced as it was by the perfect summer sky overhead.

As they passed by the shepherds' huts Berning bethought himself of the herdsman whom he had not yet seen.

"Hello!" he called out. "Shepherd, where are you?"

There arose suddenly from the thicket just in front of the horse which Toni rode the figure of a man in the customary shepherds' garb, with dark hair, covered by a broad straw hat.

It was a face deathly pale, with deep-set eyes, that looked into Toni's for a moment as, without any foreboding, she gazed at the man who seemed to her an apparition.

From the maiden's lips came a piercing cry, and she convulsively pulled the horse's bridle, and in a second both horse and rider were off across the fields at a mad pace. Herr Berning did not understand what had happened, but was after his niece like a shot, and after a mile's race his thoroughbred was beside the brown horse, and both were drawn up by the roadside, trembling and covered with sweat.

"What was the matter with the horse?" asked Berning, who knew his niece was an accomplished horsewoman.

"Are you—"

"But, Toni," he interrupted, "you are fainting! My pet, what has happened to you!"

He supported the swaying girl, and saw with alarm that she was as pale as death and was breathing spasmodically.

"Child," cried he, "my love, what is it?"

She pointed toward the sheepfolds and uttered the one word "Oscar!"

"Who?" cried Berning. "What do you say?"

Toni began weeping violently.

"Oscar!—I saw him. He is the German herdsman!"

"Oh— Impossible! A thousand times impossible!"

The old man scarcely knew whether this startling news brought him joy or sorrow. His nephew here—in this extraordinary position! He could hardly bring himself to believe it was true.

"Come," he said; "we will see."

Her pale face flushed excitedly.

"You go alone, uncle, and leave me here."

He understood her and raised no objection, pressed her hand warmly and then jumped into the saddle as actively as a man of thirty.

"If it is he, I will not disown the son of my only brother," thought he.

Toni remained alone. The horse ate the grass at her feet, and the soft, mild summer air cooled the brow of the nervous, overwrought girl. How clearly came before her every detail of that moment; she seemed to see his eyes still looking into hers, while the heavy, unkempt beard which covered the pale face, only marked the more clearly to her the discouragement and utter hopelessness of the inner man.

How sharp was the contrast.

At their last meeting he had stood before her in the *boudoir* of the Countess of Hartenstein, surrounded by all the luxuries that money could buy, and everything about himself was so in keeping with all his surroundings—and now—an under-servant of her uncle, a herdsman among strangers in the far Australian bush.

She trembled for him as she wondered what effect such a change would have upon one of so proud a disposition—she prayed that all would be righted for him.

In about an hour her uncle returned, and she knew before he spoke, that he had discovered nothing; she leaned for support against a tree, feeling instinctively that she had still much to bear.

"It was a vision, Toni," he said, earnestly, "an apparition, God knows what, only no reality. The hut is empty; I have searched every bush, every pen and not found a living creature."

"Not—not the shepherd?"

Her eyes glowed strangely, and her voice had a shrill, unnatural sound that made the old man heart-sick.

"I saw no one, Toni; believe me, it was a vision; perhaps Oscar has just died."

She shook her head.

"No, he lives, he is here, I have seen him as I see you, uncle. Will you do nothing to discover him?"

"Everything," answered her uncle, dispiritedly, "everything, my dear child; let us turn back; the overseer shall bring every man about the place to me. If you really saw a living man, he must be reached in some way, and brought before you again."

The horses' heads were turned, and they rode back rapidly, and Herr Berning gave the overseer orders to find the shepherd immediately; two or three long anxious hours went by, which seemed to Toni an eternity, and then the men returned with the word that Bob, the shepherd, had disappeared, and could not be found.

"Even the dogs," said the overseer, "could not find him; his few belongings remained in the hut, also the book which he read so much, but he himself was gone."

The uncle and niece looked at one another. The herdsman's sudden disappearance was a confirmation of Toni's statement. But where should they look for him?

"Do you know anything about this man, Mr. Tompkins?" asked Herr Berning; "what is his name, and what was his business or trade originally?"

"That, sir, was what was so surprising: he was a gentleman, a scholar; he came to Port Adelaide about two years ago and tried to get some clerical position, but failed, and when I met him he was in sore distress; so I brought him out here on the farm, where he has since tended the sheep and lived in a hut by himself. He calls himself Robert Schorndorf."

Until now Toni had listened silently, but at the name of "Schorndorf" she gave a loud cry.

"Tompkins," said the old man, his voice trembling while he spoke, "I have reason to believe that this man of whom you speak is a relation of mine. Where can he have gone that we cannot find him?"

The overseer answered, thoughtfully:

"He cannot have gone into the bush, for yonder there are for miles and miles neither house nor field nor tree. He must have started on foot for Port Adelaide, otherwise he would be in danger of starving.

Berning rose.

"That is enough," he said, energetically. "You are right, Tompkins. I will want my horse this minute, to go in search of him."

Toni sprang toward him. She seemed to forget the presence of the overseer. Her only thought was for Oscar.

"Uncle," she begged, "let me go with you. Do not go on horseback, but take the light wagon. Something may have happened to him, and I must see him, and look upon his face again."

The old man kissed her.

"Do you, then, love him so dearly?" he said, sadly.

There had never been any talk between the two about her cousin; no questions had ever been asked. Now, however, she answered, unhesitatingly:

"Very dearly, uncle; very dearly. O! Take me with you!"

He ordered the light wagon, and when it came, placed her silently in it, and they started off in the clear morning sunlight, their horses fairly flying along the road. No word was spoken, but both hearts were full to overflowing.

All travellers along the road were hailed, and inquiries made as to the fugitive, but no one could give them any information. They scoured the country round, and toward the eve of the second day, with spent horses and sad hearts, they waited in a roadside hut until the morning light should enable them to continue their search.

At daybreak the old man and his nearly exhausted niece were on their way again. They had started but a few minutes, when Herr Berning's eye lighted, and he exclaimed:

"See! Here are gold-seekers coming—a whole caravan—on their way to the mines. God is good. We may find him before night."

He had an idea that among these people his nephew might have taken refuge.

"Keep up your courage, my love!" he cried. "We will find him!"

His niece's eyes, with their wild expression, made him shudder. He realized for the first time that if Oscar was not found, she, too, would be lost. After an hour's time, they came up to the halting-place of the band, where the camp-fire seemed to give them friendly greeting. Some children were dancing and singing an old German song. Herr Berning leaned over Toni as she lay back on the cushions, too weak from excitement to sit up.

"Come, dear," he said. "We will go and find him."

"I cannot, uncle. Go alone, I beg."

He kissed her, and started on his search with heavy heart, but to all his queries he received only disheartening replies. He went from one group to another, but no one had seen the German. He felt he dared not return to the wagon alone, for it would kill Toni. He remained for a few minutes beside a group of men whom he had been interrogating, and who were whispering to one another.

"You must surely have met the man whom I seek," he said. "It is not possible for you, who have just come from

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ISSUED WEEKLY.

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

TERMS:

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ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, Publishers,
COR. WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS., New York City.

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INVIGORATING MORNINGS.

The mornings of the delicious season which visits us in mid-autumn and early winter are too lovely to be wasted in sleep. Even the hard city is beautified by their light; and the country, with its deep-green pastures and its glorified woods coped and girdled by the opal sky of such a morn, is more enchanting than the fairest scenes of Dreamland.

"The devil," says a modern author, "is a late riser." True enough. He holds high revel in the hours of darkness, but peace and poesy take the world out of his hands as the gray dawn melts into the golden light of an autumn sunrise. Even blind MILTON was conscious of the calming, purifying influence of a glorious morning:

> "——And if the night
> Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
> Disperse it, as now Light dispels the Dark."

The most guileless season of the twenty-four hours is from dawn to breakfast time. Sleep has refreshed the soul as the dew has freshened the earth, and man and nature are or ought to be in more perfect accord than at any other season of the day. "Joy cometh with the morning," nor joy alone—the earth and air are full of dumb solicitation to religion and virtue. The most hardened and vicious of mankind seem to be conscious that there is something holy in the atmosphere and light of morning. They turn their faces from the shining east, troubled and ashamed, and slink into obscure haunts where the reproachful beams cannot follow them.

This is a good season for out-door exercise. Although autumn strikes her particolored sylvan banners early in November in this latitude, and their fragments lie, brown and sere, under the naked trees, before the close of the month, winter rarely settles down in frigid earnest on the pastoral landscape until after Christmas. Green blades may be found among the withering meadow tussocks, and a few hardy wild-flowers in sun-blessed nooks by the lane-sides, long after the last leaves have dropped dead to the earth, or drowned themselves in the streams and pools.

We shall have pleasant days yet before the White Knight of the North, snow-plumed and armed with aërial sword of the "ice-brooks' temper," gives the *coup de grace* to the last remnants of vegetation. This brief interval between the close of the fall and the commencement of winter's rigors should be utilized by lovers of out-door exercise and be made the most of by those who need physical recuperation. The northwesters have not as yet acquired that keen edge which cuts through the thickest garments and into the very midriff, a month later; and there is no reason why the tenderest young gentlemen, with sound lungs, should not use their legs freely in the open air. When we see youths of eighteen and twenty years of age fighting their way into crowded, ill-ventilated cars, in order to escape the wholesome labor of walking down town to their business, on a bright, bracing, early-winter morning, we cannot help regarding them with a feeling very closely allied to commiseration. No wonder so many of them look pale and sickly.

◆

BRAVERY OR COWARDICE?

Five years ago, in the city of Paris, a young man of thirty openly insulted his neighbor, a man nearly forty years his senior. Thinking that the custom of France offered only one course of action whereby his honor could be vindicated, the elderly neighbor retorted by challenging his disputant to fight a duel. The challenge was accepted, and pistols at fifteen paces were named as the weapons. Such an acceptance of a challenge in France is unusual. The old man, a baker by trade, urged upon his challenger that it was unjust to ask him to enter a combat with such deadly weapons, stating that for the danger to which he exposed himself he cared nothing so far as he was personally concerned, but that his family—a wife and three daughters—was entirely dependent upon him for support. He asked that swords be substituted for pistols, pleading that he had saved sufficient money to support his family for a month or two, while he might be recovering from his wound in a hospital, but that his finances were at too low an ebb to permit him to run too great a risk of leaving his family without his future support.

By this appeal the young man was unmoved, and insisted that the duel should proceed or that his adversary be branded as a coward. The baker was steadfast in his refusal to meet his opponent on the terms named.

In less than twenty-four hours the news had spread through the entire neighborhood, and there was scarcely a person who would speak to or even recognize the baker or any of his family. His ostracism was complete.

And thus, at the advanced age of nearly seventy, this brave baker was compelled, by the discomforts he and his family were put to, to move to another district and begin life over again.

The foregoing is one of the many cases which tell of the shame of France. How long will it be before the French people will learn to believe that the man who either sends or accepts a challenge to fight with weapons calculated to produce death must in the eye of sober reason be presumed to act from villainous or exceedingly foolish considerations?

True courage has in most respects nothing to do with fighting. Any ruffian can fight. The evil passions are able to prompt men to face death from the worst of motives. True courage is associated with a strong perception of right and wrong, and will exert itself only in a good cause. The man who risks his life to save that of another, or to rescue his country from an imminent danger, exhibits this description of courage in its best light.

◆

FAST RAILROAD TIME.

It is expected that the World's Fair will attract such vast crowds of visitors that the passenger traffic from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago will be unprecedented. The railroad companies are already preparing to meet the emergency by repairing their roadbeds and increasing their rolling stock. Efforts will be made to make faster time for long distances than has yet been accomplished. It is alleged that some of the roads expect to run through trains at the rate of a mile a minute. The New York Central & Hudson River Road lately made an experimental trip from New York to Buffalo for the purpose of seeing what could be accomplished in this respect. The entire run of 440 miles was made in 433 minutes. This experiment shows that, even in the present condition of the roadbeds, and with such locomotives as are now in use, a long distance can easily be covered at a mile a minute, barring accidents. When the roadbeds shall be made perfect and more powerful locomotives be brought into requisition, it is believed that the entire distance from New York to Chicago can be run within seventeen hours. Such phenomenal speed would have a strong attraction for the great majority of Americans, and be an additional inducement for them to visit the World's Fair.

◆

A SECRET OF THE TOILET.

There is an old book entitled "The Toilet of Flora," which was much in vogue with the ladies of the last century. In the preface the author informs the public that—

> "The chief Intention of this Performance is to point out to the Fair Sex the Methods by which they can preserve and add to their Charms."

There are many curious hints in it, and some queer "prescriptions." Here is what the author calls "A Mystical Prescription" of incalculable value, inasmuch as it contains "A Secret to Take Away Wrinkles:"

> "Heat an iron shovel red hot. Throw thereon some Powder of Myrrh, receive the Smoak on your Face, covering your head with a Napkin to collect the Smoak. Do this three times. Then heat the Shovel again, and when Fiery Hot, spit on it a Mouthful of White Wine. Receive this Vapour also in your face three times. Continue this proceeding every Night and Morning as long as you find Occasion."

For how long a time the wrinkled ladies of the last century "found occasion" to "continue this proceeding every night and morning" there is no means of knowing; but it is to be hoped that their efforts resulted—to borrow an idea from "Richard III."—in "smoothing their wrinkled fronts."

◆

WON'T PAY THE INSURANCE.

> "His life was insured, but the company will not pay the policy."

So we read of a man who recently died, and is supposed to have left his family destitute.

It is very common now—and it seems to be becoming more and more customary—for certain life and fire insurance companies to refuse to pay their policies. Sometimes, of course, there is a valid ground for such refusal; but too often it is based on some minor technical condition, which the insured has not complied with through inadvertence or because he overlooked it altogether at the time of effecting his insurance. There is altogether too much of the sharper characterizing the conduct of some of these companies, and too little of the principles of equity.

We believe that without regard to the injustice or hardship of the thing, such a policy, merely as a matter of prudence, is short-sighted and unwise. When people take out insurance, they want the satisfaction of feeling an absolute certainty that if the loss happens it will be paid. In fire-insurance, we believe it has been demonstrated by the experience of years that those companies do best which never defend a claim against the payment of a loss, except in case of arson or actual fraud. And it has also been proved that a life-insurance company conducted on illiberal principles must in the long run lose the confidence of the community and injure its business.

◆

DILATORY LOVERS.

Without a dash of "modest assurance"—or shall we call it modified impudence—no man is likely to make much headway with any lady. No woman, however bashful, admires sheepishness in a lover; on the contrary, retiring, tender, sensitive women usually prefer bold, outspoken fellows, who push matters to a crisis with earnestness and dispatch. He who sits down before the fortress of a woman's heart, with the hope of bringing it to terms of capitulation by slow and regular approaches, will usually find that it "laughs a siege to scorn," and the chances are that, while he is drawing his lines of circumvallation, a more passionate wooer will assault the work at some weak point and carry it by storm.

◆

FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS TO THE END OF THE YEAR.

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TWO HISTORIC LAW BOOKS.

BY THE LATE JAMES PARTON.

In the letters of Thomas Jefferson we occasionally find remarks upon two famous old law books—"Coke upon Littleton" and "Blackstone's Commentaries"—which attract attention by their novelty and by their vehemence. "Coke Upon Littleton" was the universal elementary law book of Colonial America—the work that formed John Adams, Chancellor Wythe, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, James Madison, James Otis and, indeed, all the eminent lawyers of the Revolutionary period.

> "A sounder Whig never wrote," says Jefferson; "nor of profounder learning in the orthodox doctrines of the British constitution, or in what were called British liberties. Our lawyers were then all Whigs. But when his black-letter text and uncouth but cunning learning got out of fashion, and the honeyed Mansfieldism of Blackstone became the student's horn-book, from that moment that profession—the nursery of our Congress—began to slide into Toryism, and nearly all the young brood of lawyers are now of that line."

Writing later in life, he broke out upon Blackstone with greater violence, coupling him with Hume's "History of England"—authors, he wrote, who "have made Tories of all England, and are making Tories of those young Americans whose native feelings of independence do not place them above their wily sophistries."

Those two books, he thought, had done more toward the suppression of the liberties of man than all the millions of soldiers under Bonaparte. To this he added a sentence which foretold the Anglomaniacs of the present day. He said he feared nothing that could assail the liberties of America by force, but he *was* afraid of the influence of English books, English prejudices, English manners, and their apes and dupes among professional men.

John Adams agreed with his friend Jefferson in his opinion of Coke, styling him "the old sage," "our oracle," "our great oracle;" and he advised young Jonathan Mason, when he was beginning the study of the law, to steep himself in the Institutes of "my lord Coke, justly styled the oracle of the law." "Whoever," he added, "is master of his writings is master of the laws of England."

Nor is it unworthy of notice that the same Sir Edward Coke was the patron, employer and instructor of Roger Williams, founder in America of the doctrine that magistrates had no natural or legal right to punish heretical opinions, nor irreligious acts, unless they disturbed the public peace or restricted the rightful liberty of other men. Roger Williams served Sir Edward Coke as private secretary and short-hand reporter. Coke sent him to the school now so well known to the readers of Thackeray as the Charterhouse. Thus we have the curious coincidence that the two apostles of liberty in America, Roger Williams and Thomas Jefferson, both derived from the same source their earliest convictions of the supremacy of the secular law over all men and all material interests.

Who then, and what was this mighty Lord Coke, this master and teacher of the men who established in this new land the fundamental rights of human nature? On looking backward over the past ages, we frequently notice that when there is a powerful man living who may be fairly described as the *bane* of his generation, there is, also, another man, acting in a different sphere and formed under different influences, who figures in the more interesting character of *antidote*. Thus, to take familiar examples, Cæsar had his Brutus, Jonathan Edwards his Benjamin Franklin, George III. his George Washington, Bonaparte his Baron Von Stein, Bobissimus, the bloated bondholder, his Carlyle. So James I., King of England, had his Sir Edward Coke. The Scottish Stuart was a fanatic of prerogative. He once stood before the British Parliament, and addressed to them the following words:

> "As it is atheism and blasphemy in a creature to dispute what the Deity may do, so it is presumption and sedition in a subject to dispute what a king may do in the height of his power. Good Christians will be content with God's will revealed in His word, and good subjects will rest in the king's will revealed in *his* law."

This was the doctrine cherished in the heart of James Stuart and frankly avowed by him on many occasions, fit and unfit; to which Coke opposed the doctrine, afterward made part and parcel of the constitution of Massachusetts, and completely summed up in one of its phrases:

> "To the end that it may be *a government of laws and not of men.*"

In those few words is expressed the substance of the great Charter of English liberty, and the animating principle of

Coke's stormy career. To give it in the form of "Magna Charta" itself:

> "No freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed, or banished, or any ways injured, unless by the legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land."

Happily for posterity, Sir Edward Coke had the natural force, the special accomplishments, the special aptitudes and the unique opportunity that enabled him to make head against the pretensions of the king. His convictions as a citizen were reinforced by his pride as a member of the British bar, the most gifted and learned which had existed in the world since Cicero ceased to plead in the Roman Forum. His profession was attacked in its rights and in its dignities; later, too, his authority as a judge, when at length he sat in the judgment-seat.

He was a rough man who lived in a rough time, and many of his ways and words were rude, intolerant, savage even; but he was always sound on this main point, and in maintaining it he was never wanting in force, courage, resolution or persistence. Born to some wealth, he married rich, and married again richer, but he laid hold of his profession with the clutch of a needy giant, rose rapidly to vast repute and prodigious practice; then, entering politics, became, at the age of forty, speaker of the House of Commons. He adroitly waived the controversy with Queen Elizabeth; but in 1606, James Stuart being king, Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury and himself Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, he began his heroic defense of the law; first, against the claim of the church to have co-ordinate jurisdiction with the secular courts, for opposing which in Massachusetts Roger Williams was banished. To the king himself he said: "The claim of the church is not law." To which the king replied that, if not law, it was reason, and the law was founded upon reason. Coke answered:

> "God has endowed your Majesty with excellent science and great endowments of nature, but your Majesty is not learned in the laws of your realm of England, and causes, which concern the life or inheritance or goods or fortunes of your Majesty's subjects, are not to be decided by natural reason, but by the artificial reason and judgment of law."

The main force of his official life, Coke spent in maintaining and defending this principle. He remained true to it when eleven of the bench of judges gave in; he alone remaining firm in the presence of the [illegible] king. He lost his office through it, but continued the conflict in the House of Commons. When the great debate ended with a formal protestation of Parliamentary supremacy, the king tore the entry from the journal of the House and sent the leader of the opposition to the tower, where he remained in close confinement nine months.

Both the spirit and the letter of this great controversy he preserved for posterity in numerous crabbed, weighty volumes of commentaries, institutes, reports, decisions, including that thorny "Coke Upon Littleton," upon which several generations of lawyers were nourished. To his eighty-second year he was the great lawyer of England, still resisting Charles I. as he had his father, James I. He offered to give King Charles a thousand pounds out of his own pocket, but would not give him his vote for a subsidy to be unlawfully expended. When Coke was dead, Charles I. paid him the homage of seizing and stealing his papers, saying:

> "He is held too great an oracle among the people, and they may be misled by anything that carries such an authority as all things do which he either speaks or writes."

And now for Blackstone. His "Commentaries," delivered first at Oxford in the form of lectures to the university, were published in four volumes from 1765 to 1776, too late to influence the course of events leading to the American Revolution, but just in time to affect powerfully the great throng of young lawyers, Alexander Hamilton and the rest, who, in 1783, succeeded to the offices and business of the old Tory lawyers, ruined and banished; in time, too, to promote that natural reaction against liberal principles caused by the cruelties of the French Revolution.

On examining Blackstone we do not immediately discover matter to justify Jefferson's severe strictures. Blackstone quotes, accepts and commends Coke as one of the chief authorities upon English law. He concedes the truth and justice of Coke's essential doctrine, but he seems to do this with his intellect only. His heart and his imagination are concerned to make the best possible case for royal prerogative. Blackstone was a literary man and a poet before he was a lawyer, and he wrote under the University of Oxford's bewitching spell. He became eloquent and impressive the nearer he got to James, and the farther from Coke; differing from Coke very much as Lord Salisbury differs now from Mr. Gladstone.

The "honeyed Mansfieldism" of which Jefferson spoke is perceived when he calls the judges who tried Charles I. "infamous;" the king himself "a pious and unfortunate monarch;" his execution "a fatal catastrophe;" the people who approved it "debased," and the rule of Cromwell a period of "confusion, instability and madness."

Jefferson winced, too, doubtless, when he read in his new Blackstone, still damp from the London press, that "the only true and solid foundation for private property is the book of *Genesis*." We may be sure also that he remarked the application of the term "miscreants" to the Dissenters so cruelly tortured in the time of Charles II.; to say nothing of his strong assertion of the reality of witchcraft as a fact revealed by God and attested by all nations. Nor could Jefferson overlook the occasional assumption by Blackstone of the hopeless incompetence of the people to elect their own rulers.

The merit of Blackstone's work as a literary performance is exceedingly great; it had the greatest popular and commercial success ever attained by a law book until the publication of Chancellor Kent's "Commentaries." But, then, it *is* a literary performance. Coke was a warrior of the law, mailed and armed cap-a-pie, grizzled and scarred with the combats of forty years, and his works are but the diverse record of the battles he had fought.

Blackstone was an Oxford scholar, who accepted the natural rights of man, so far as they were compatible with the conservation of the British system of church and king, and the continued enjoyment of the good things in the gift of church and king, by a few thousand select families.

And this, I suppose, is what Jefferson meant by the "honeyed Mansfieldism of Blackstone," the influence of which, upon the tone of thought in America, was so apparent to him in 1800, and not less so, perhaps, to persons of like mind, at the present day.

◆

TWO GIRLS' PLANS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"What are you going to do," said Minnie Lee to Mattie Price, as they stood on the school-porch together the last day before vacation—"What are you going to do when you leave school, Mattie?"

"Oh, I'm going to uncle's," said Mattie. "I shall stay there most of the time. It's pretty pleasant at uncle's."

"Oh! I don't mean in vacation, Mattie," replied Minnie. "I mean when you leave school for good."

"I'll have a jolly time then; read novels and play the piano and pay visits all day! Maybe I'll have to help ma some; but I sha'n't wear myself out, I can tell you," said Mattie, turning about on her toes. "I'll have a nice time until I marry, and I sha'n't marry any one but a rich gentleman. When ma is mad at pa, she often says to us girls: 'Don't marry a poor man, my dears.' And she'll find that I shall mind her."

"Of course. *My* pa is poor, too," Minnie replied; "but ma says he's the best man she ever knew. As for marrying, I never think about that; I don't feel old enough. But you don't understand yet. I'm going to learn to be a dressmaker. What are you going to be?"

"Ma says it isn't genteel for ladies to earn money," said Mattie, tossing her head. "'Let the men provide for them,' she says."

"Well, my ma says that where people are poor every one should help. She makes fringes and bead-trimmings in the evenings, and puts quite a little sum into her pocket that way. She wants us all to be able to make it lighter for pa as we grow up; and I've a turn for dressmaking, and I am going right at it after I've got through school. Six months more, and that will be all. I'm a mechanic's daughter, and so are you; and why should we take on airs?"

All Mattie answered was:

"Ma says it's not genteel to work."

Time passed on. The girls went to school, graduated, and left it together. At the final exhibition, every one said that Mattie was the prettiest girl upon the platform, and quite the most fashionably dressed. But Minnie's plain, white dress "hung" perfectly, and the natural rose in her hair was quite ornamental enough. Minnie, every one said, was very bright if not so wonderfully pretty.

After the exhibition, both girls went home with their mothers.

"I was proud of you to-day, Minnie," said Mrs. Lee; "and I really think you have taken advantage of your privileges. Girls did not have so good a chance for free education when I was young. Respectable parents had to pay for schooling, and only those who were willing to accept charity went to free school. Now, every workingman has a right to the public schools, and we can keep our girls and boys there longer, which is a great blessing."

"Mattie," said Mrs. Price, "you put me in mind of myself at your age, only I was prettier than you are. Your waist was smaller than any other of the girls'. How pleased I was to think I'd corseted you up from the first, and made you so genteel."

And so the two girls left their school-days behind them, and entered on their woman's life.

Busy little Minnie went on the following Monday to Miss Burlington, a thorough dressmaker, who taught her girls as carefully as she worked herself, and Mattie lounged about the little house, now and then "practicing" on a rattling old piano, which was one of the relics of her mother's youthful "gentility," reading all sorts of trash, and flirting with any young man who came across her path.

Sometimes her mother would grow angry and scold her. Sometimes she would declare that Mattie was "a lady born." Now and then, when dinner was late, and put on the table only half cooked at last, on a cloth speckled with gravy and attractive to flies, her father would cry out:

"Why can't you teach Mattie to wash and cook? A great girl, that costs me more than she'll ever be worth in this world."

But neither parent made any sensible effort to alter her habits, or put her in the way of being anything more than a pretty, idle thing, who never thought it her duty to help any one or to think of any one but herself.

Time flies fast. Fifteen years had passed since the school-days of our two girls ended.

In a bright window, on the second floor of a large house in Fourteenth street, New York, stood several wax figures, elegantly dressed in the latest fashion. Large cases of lace goods and ornaments for hair and costume were ranged about the room, and well-dressed young women stepped briskly about, inquiring the wishes of the throng of customers and taking their orders.

In the next room, behind closed doors, a fine-looking woman of thirty was presiding over the work of some dozen young girls, and two older women were preparing more at a large cutting-table.

In the window one could read the sign—

MISS LEE,
ARTISTIC DRESSMAKER.

It was Minnie, our old friend, who was at the head of the establishment; and work had certainly agreed with her, for she had grown rosy and buxom.

"Be careful of this silk," she was saying to her principal cutter. "The lady it belongs to wants to make the most of it, and it cannot be matched, and there will be a button and half a yard of lace left—see that they are sent home with her parcel."

Miss Lee was always so careful in such small matters, her customers said.

"Before we trim Mrs. B's walking-dress we should let her know that that material will fray in a week," she added. "Perhaps she can exchange it. Eliza, take this card over to her at once—"

"Miss Lee," said a voice at her elbow, at this juncture, "Miss Lee, a lady has called. An old school-friend, she says she is. I told her you were busy, but she says she's in great trouble and must see you."

"Who can it be?" thought Minnie, and taking off her apron she hurried to a small private parlor, to which her guests were shown, and there found, sitting on the sofa, a slender, faded-looking woman, wearing a shabby silk, with the braid dragging behind her, and a very gay pink bonnet, with one of the strings pinned on with a large brass pin.

"I don't suppose you know me, Minnie," said this lady, rising. "I'm Mattie Price, or I was before I married. I'm Mrs. Jellicoe now. Dear me, how fat you are."

"Yes, I grow stout," said Minnie. "Though I do fly around, I can tell you. And so this is Mattie! Well, you have the same black eyes and hair—such pretty hair—and have you been well—and happy?"

"Oh, I'm never *well*," replied Mrs. Jellicoe; "and as for happy—my husband went off three years ago goodness knows where. I get what I can from pa and what I can from Brother John; but it's hard to get on, and I saw your sign, and knew it must be you, and I thought I'd see whether you'd help me a little."

"All I can, my dear," said Minnie, heartily. "What a dreadful man to use you so. I wish you had come six months ago; for now I have only three months left. I'm going to be married, too, Mattie. We've been engaged three years, but Sara and Esther will take the business, and they'll do anything I ask; and I can get you started. Of course, you want me to teach you my trade. Those delicate little fingers will make lovely stitches, I'm sure, and you can earn something from the first, and a good deal very soon."

"'Earn!'" ejaculated Mrs. Jellicoe. "Earn! You don't think I want to be a dressmaker? Mr. Jellicoe belongs to one of the first families, and I've never earned a penny and hope I never shall."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Minnie Lee. "I think it is so nice to earn money. Here, Mattie, turn around and let me stitch your braid on, I've got my needle and thread here. I can't bear to see braid hanging—and your bonnet-string—sha'n't I sew that?"

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Jellicoe. "Yes, if you will. You see, before Mr. Jellicoe went off, I had a maid, and she mended for me. I've got out of the way of doing it for myself. I didn't mean to offend you, Minnie. It's splendid for you to get on so, but I couldn't make dresses or sew for a living after boarding in style so many years."

"No; I suppose not!" sighed Minnie Lee, shaking her head and stitching at the braid. "Couldn't you give music lessons? You used to play?"

"Oh, I've dropped my music," said Mrs. Jellicoe. "What I thought, Minnie, was that, perhaps, you'd lend me five dollars until I can borrow more of Brother John."

"No, I won't," said Minnie; "but I'll give you ten. I'm glad to do that. And now see, Mattie, think over what I have said. You shall be taught a good trade if you'll come here."

But Mrs. Jellicoe had taken the two crisp five-dollar notes, kissed Minnie on both cheeks, and put them into her ragged portemonnaie, and made no answer.

"I know I'm keeping you from your work, dear," she said, in rather a condescending manner. "Oh, yes—I forgot my bonnet. Thank you. Good-bye." And she was gone.

Years afterward, when Minnie, the wife of a wealthy manufacturer, stood one day at her window, she saw an ambulance pass by, followed by a large crowd.

"It's a poor person who has killed herself with kerosene, ma'am," said her chambermaid, who had just heard the news from a policeman. "By the name of Mrs. Jellicoe, ma'am. She lived with her brother, and he used to scold her for idleness. And just to-day he bade her make the fire for a cup of tea, and she would not put a hand to it; and he was for turning her out of doors, and with that she agreed to do it. and to hasten the blaze, poured on kerosene. She can't live an hour, they say."

"It must be poor Mattie," sighed Minnie. "It is the end she would be most likely to come to."

◆

BEAUTY.

What is beauty, after all? Each eye makes it for itself. *You* think Smith's lady-love raw-boned and hard-featured. *He* calls her a "magnificent woman," and wonders what you see in your little angel, with her baby face and tiny stature. So it is the world over; and yet we would each give something to be beautiful after our own fashion. How the powders and lotions which are to bestow upon poor bilious mortals skins of satin and snow, and the hair-dyes and pomades and cosmetics of all sorts sell, we need not mention to prove the fact. In France old ladies are even being made over, at the cost of half their fortunes.

Yes, we all want to be beautiful; and if only our ideas of beauty were what they should be, we might accomplish our desire easily. Meekness and love make all faces pleasant. There are plain features so charming with the sparkle of good humor that we love them. There are blemished faces so sweet that they are pleasanter to look upon than the most perfect. After all, it is in the expression that the actual charm lies.

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THE UNSIGNED WILL.

Continued from page 7.

Adelaide, to have missed him. I will give a thousand dollars to the man who can tell me where to find him."

The offer acted as an electric shock. Berning saw at a glance that the men had been lying to him.

"I will tell you!" cried the first man.

"One half for me, or there will be trouble!" said the second.

Berning controlled his rising anger.

"There are three of you," he said, coldly. "I will give you each five hundred dollars. Now tell me what you have to tell."

The first speaker started forward.

"I will lead you," he said, "and my companions will accompany me, that you may give us the gold together, otherwise your life will be of no more account to us than this butterfly's, which I crush under my foot. In this wilderness there is only one law—the law of the strongest—and that is why we poor devils, ourselves almost starving, could not take your man any farther with us. He lies over there."

Herr Berning could hardly gasp:

"Is he dead?"

"Oh, no, only exhausted, but we had no place for him in my caravan. Come with us now; it is not very far."

The four men walked nearly a mile before they came to the summit of a little hill, where there was much high grass and many wild flowers were in bloom. The gold finders pointed down a narrow footpath.

"There is where he lies."

Berning went on with light but rapid steps, until he came upon a manly form stretched face upward upon the grass; the eyes were closed and he lay as one asleep, or, perhaps, dead. Berning could scarcely recognize in this man the handsome and vigorous youth he had seen so few short years before. Blood of his blood—his only brother's son.

"Oscar," he said, with difficulty restraining his emotions, "my poor, dear boy."

The unfortunate man opened his eyes and made an effort to rise, as though he would escape, but sank back exhausted.

"Let me die here, uncle," he whispered. "I know it is unworthy of me to seek death, but I so long for peace; I have nothing for which to live."

"Nonsense, my dear boy! Nonsense!" said his uncle, taking hold of him. "Your cousin is waiting; come quickly!"

"That I may become a shepherd again? Better to die here."

Berning handed him some wine.

"How did you come here anyway, Oscar?"

The eyes of the young man filled with hot tears.

"How came I here, uncle? I will tell you: because I was of no use either to myself or any one else, because—"

His voice broke, and he sank fainting back upon the grass. The gold-seekers carried the almost lifeless body back to the wagon which Berning had already hastened to summon. His loud call had been heard in the distance, and, as they came toward the wagon, Toni sprang from it and came toward them with outstretched arms.

"He lives, dear girl, he lives! He has only swooned!"

And Toni flew to him breathless, almost crazed.

"Oscar!" she gasped. "Oscar! Where is he?"

* * * * *

It was easier to catch the fugitive than to bind him. As soon as Oscar had recovered himself he wanted to be away again, and his uncle's earnest prayers were all that could induce him to remain.

He was persuaded finally to become the teacher of the school just starting in the village, but nothing could induce him to live at Rosehill. His uncle let him have his own way.

Oscar and Toni were apparently but chance acquaintances; their former intimate relations were not alluded to in any way, and they avoided one another whenever it was possible. But in the village they were naturally thrown much together in their school duties.

There Uncle Karl laughed secretly at this mutual avoidance—once he asked his nephew how long he should remain in Australia.

"I leave the country on the next ship and do not care whither I go, so that I do not return to Germany."

Toni thought: "He does not speak the truth; he is only anxious to go wherever the countess awaits him."

She resolved to make an opportunity as soon as possible to question him in regard to his relations with the countess. She soon had a chance to interrupt him with the question:

"That occurred while you were living in Naples, did it not, Oscar?"

"No," he answered. "I have never been in Naples."

"Ah! and yet I heard from several that you were with the Countess Emilie."

"No," said Oscar. "Whoever believed that I was an admirer of the countess, and followed her to Italy, did not know me. I was once on the point, from very despair, of offering myself to her, but the countess saved me from this false step by her departure to Italy. I have never seen her since."

Toni remained silent but the words, "from very despair," were an admission that sounded very sweet to her ears. After that she treasured every glance and every word. Oscar carried in his heart no other image; he was quite free; she trembled at the thought, and the color came and went in her lovely face whenever she heard his footstep. Yet fearful of betraying herself, she still sought to avoid him.

Oscar understood nothing of all this. But he imagined that she avoided him thus openly in order to warn him against any new advances. All his old distrust came back more strongly than ever; he devoted himself more and more to his work among the villagers, and came less frequently to the house on the hill. The winter finally came to an end, and the spring rushed in with the warm breath of her sunshine, and the fragrance of her flowers.

One morning Herr Berning sat at an open window, writing a letter to Germany to his old friend Arning:

> **"I believe that you were right, Rudolph, and that you will see us back again in the fatherland. You know you exhorted me to leave all things to God's decision. Well, old friend, He has not forsaken us. I brought my niece here, almost by force, from the other end of the world, in order that she might forever avoid meeting my brother's son—and we find him here in our midst. While I write you, I see them walking in the garden, but only chatting as cousins, however. Yet I feel that the day is near at hand when they will become lovers."**

And yet the old man's prophecy was far from fulfillment in Oscar's mind.

One day he came to Toni and begged for a word with her alone.

"Toni," he said, earnestly, "I have come to say good-bye to you. I will not speak to my uncle, he would only strive to make me alter my plans, and my determination is fixed. I go, Toni, because I am forced by circumstances. Will you say farewell to the old man for me?"

"And do you never intend to come back here, Oscar?" asked Toni, quietly.

"Never! Never, so long as I live!"

"And—and may I ask what is driving you away?"

"Ah!" he answered, unwillingly, "one word that I cannot say— My hands are empty, my life is a failure—I—have no place close to the millions of my uncle. Farewell, Toni, and God guard you!"

"One moment," she whispered, pale and trembling, "that word, Oscar, which you cannot speak, shall I say it for you?"

He looked at her.

"You?—You?"

"Yes, I," she whispered—"I, Oscar; shall I tell uncle that he can leave his fortune to whom he will, but not to me? Shall I tell him I wish to marry a poor teacher and share with him his cares and troubles for all time? Oscar, may I tell him that I am too rich to need his millions?"

He had her in his arms and was pressing her madly to his breast, almost before she had finished speaking.

"Toni, forgive me, I beg," he said, "for all my unfeeling words, and my continued misjudgment of you. How I have allowed myself to be deceived!"

She could not speak for tears, but her caresses answered him.

* * * * *

Another year had flown by. In a pretty house in a street not far from Schorndorf sat two old people talking earnestly. They had been strangers for years, and a feeling of bitter hatred had grown up between them. Poor old Frau Regina and her brother-in-law had viewed life through different glasses.

Herr Berning had lived here since his niece's marriage. He had bought back Schorndorf, and given it to Toni as her marriage portion, and had left the young people alone.

Oscar was busy from morning to night, either superintending the clearing of the waste land or in the meadows above, but always industrious, and looking well after the interests and welfare of the tenants.

Uncle Karl visited them almost daily, but he thought it better to have his own home.

He was greatly surprised at the unexpected visit of his brother's widow on this pleasant morning. He was startled, too, at her appearance—a pale, white-haired, broken-down old woman, instead of the stately dame he remembered. She was so feeble that he went forward and led her to a seat.

She came, she said, to beg him to do something to soften her son's anger against her.

"Will you not give me back my only son?" she pleaded, piteously. "Will you not be merciful to me?"

He pressed her cold, nerveless hand.

"I will, indeed! I will, indeed, so help me God!"

"Then listen to me."

It was impossible for him to stop her as she began her sad tale.

"I had a lover in my youth," said Oscar's mother, "to whom I was affianced—one whom I had known from my childhood, and whom I loved with all the passion and tenderness of which I was capable. We expected to be married soon when I took the position of governess in your brother's house, in order to assist your sister Henrietta in the completion of her education. My dowry was ready. Penny by penny, piece by piece, I had saved enough not to go to my lover empty-handed. He had just received an appointment as a teacher in the city schools, and I thought I was the happiest creature living, when—

"But I cannot go into details calmly even now. My whole life was changed in a day. Karl, your sister robbed me of my lover. Her beauty made him forget both duty and honor. He married her, and I was left in despair. What I suffered no words can tell.

"It was with a vengeful and reckless feeling that I accepted your brother, Andreas, some months later, but I did not deceive him. I told him of my former lover, but he said he loved me and that I would in time love him in return. But it was a wretched marriage, and even the birth of our son brought us no happiness. Our money was gone, and we were in a wretched condition when the money came from you for your sister. It was I who silenced your brother's conscience, and stole the gold. It was I who robbed your dying sister; for two days later she was laid in her grave. I told myself that it would have done her little good anyway. I had no feeling of remorse. I hated her, even in her grave. Then Andreas brought the little child home, in spite of all I could say. I tried prayers and threats, but your brother was resolved and they were of no avail. There sat at my table daily the child who was the image of her who had robbed me of my life's happiness. I lost all the peace which otherwise I might have had, even though our marriage was loveless. My son Oscar was sent away to a distant school and was brought up, partially at least, among strangers, while this hated child was always in our midst. Was it any wonder that I cast her off when your brother died? Was it any wonder I did not divide the inheritance, but gave all to Oscar? I was determined he should be happy, and get all the good things of life that it was possible to obtain. I had bought them dearly, and Oscar should have the benefit.

"The road I took led not to happiness or prosperity. God has humiliated me, and broken my pride in these lonely years. When Oscar left me, without a word of explanation or farewell, I was, indeed, bereft.

"Rudolph Arning, that true, good man, came to me later and bade me hope, for Oscar was with you, but my pride has thus far prevented me seeking him, and striving to make peace. Now I feel that I can endure it no longer; and, unless I can be near my boy again, I shall die of grief. Will you tell them both all I have just told you? Say I wish them to know it. Will you be so kind to a poor sinner, who has no other hope in the whole world?"

The old man quieted her with kind, gentle words, and gave her an assurance, as they separated that still Sabbath morning that all would yet be well. How much easier, he thought, to fall into temptation than to extricate ourselves from the weight of woe that follows in the wake of wrongdoing.

Uncle Karl spoke no word to Oscar of his mother. There were other ways to influence his nephew preferable to any persuasion of his. He told Toni about the visit, and she went immediately to her aunt and welcomed her as her husband's mother. But no word was said to Oscar until his child was born. When he entered the room to see his first-born he found his mother by Toni's bed with her grandchild in her arms.

Frau Regina was trembling violently, and an ashy paleness overspread her countenance as her eyes met her son's stern glance.

"Oscar," whispered Toni, faintly, laying her hand on his mother's arm, "this is your mother. Be good to her, dearest."

And Doctor Arning came forward, smiling.

"Oscar, now that you are a father, you cannot harbor an unkind thought against your old mother?"

No, no; he could not. His arms enfolded the two, his weeping mother and his little son, the angel of peace whose little hands had brought to them the olive branch.

Toni looked with glistening eyes on the peace and happiness that had come to her family. All was well now.

* * * * *

Dahlberg had left Germany before Oscar and his wife returned from Australia, and was never heard of again.

During the following summer, the Countess of Hartenstein returned to Schlossberg. She called very soon at Schorndorf, in order, as she coolly said, to renew her acquaintance with her former companion. Her real object was to try to bring Oscar once more within reach of her fascinations. She did not attempt to hide her desire to make Toni jealous. Her feeling of bitterness toward the man who had not thought it worth while to follow her to Italy was intense; and she resolved to make the young wife suffer. Every word, every glance, every intonation of the voice was meant to captivate Oscar and bring misery to Toni.

And, in the first moment, Toni trembled for fear her new-found happiness should be stolen from her, but only in the first moment.

"Rest quietly my love," Oscar whispered, seeing the troubled look in her eyes. "She will not come again, for I, in a few polite words, have forbidden her my house."

"You, Oscar?" she asked, in a surprised tone. "You?"

"Yes, sweetheart. That woman could never lead me astray with her folly; but there is no need to renew our acquaintance with one whose nature is so unfeeling and untrue."

Toni laid her head upon his breast. The last shadow had been banished forever from her heart.

THE END.

THE FROZEN MILL-WHEEL.

BY N. D.

The frozen froth of the mill-race binds
The head of the stream with an icy wreath,
And the mighty wheel of the old mill hangs,
White-bearded to the teeth.

Hushed is the voice that was wont to send
Through the woods its deep, melodious roar,
And the brook beneath is tranced and still,
As if it would wake no more.

And the miller's cottage, above the mill,
Is silent, too, these wintry days,
Since the sweet girl-beauty, its flower and pride,
In the distant city stays.

For thither her opulent cousins take
Our country bird ere the last leaf falls,
That her pure young beauty with health and life
May freshen their stupid halls.

But like a bird in a gilded cage,
I know that she pines for the melting days
That shall loosen the voice of the old mill-wheel
Through all the woodland ways.

Haste, haste, O Spring! on the swallow's wing,
From emerald glade and South sea shore,
And snap the chains of river and race,
And let the mill-wheel roar;

That over the land, by tower and town,
Through the city that sits by the white sea foam,
Its echoes shall peal, like a passionate prayer,
To call our wood bird home.

The forests will flush into leaf as she comes,
And the glad streams shout as she passes them o'er,
Till the rapturous voice of her fresh young soul
Is mixed with the mill-wheel's roar.

"ONE OF THE FAMILY."

"No, please," once wrote a lady to a friend, "when I come to see you don't treat me as one of the family. When I hear that promise I stay away. I like, when I go out, to be 'company.' I like to consider guests, who come to see me, as 'company.' Other people may pretend to the contrary—it is all humbug.

"When my friends come to my house I do as I would be done by—I receive them in a decent dress. I take out my hair-crimpers; I entertain them in the parlor, and have something which I consider good for tea. The little vail of mystery which I let fall over the kitchen and its occupant is very comfortable to all of us. I neither convey them into the back-basement nor to the sky-parlor. I put my best foot foremost, and I do it because I love my friends, and respect all hands, myself included."

FROM THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

Even in Russia, the land where the government permits the flogging of woman prisoners and sends them on long journeys to the far north, justice is sometimes meted out to the weaker sex. We note with pleasure the case of one Ivan Shafranskig, a strong-minded Russian mechanic, who dared to put out the eyes of the images which his Greek wife held in veneration. The depth of his provocation is unknown. Mrs. Shafranskig may have been a second "aggrawator" of the Mrs. Cruncher variety. However, although the offender might have pleaded that an eyeless image should inspire greater respect on account of its infirmity, the judge ruled that he be confined at hard labor for four months, and Mrs. Shafranskig is in triumph over his discomfiture.

In Wyoming Women Vote, and bachelors are taxed two dollars for license to run free of household cares and anxieties. The rate of taxation is highly suggestive. In many Eastern States the same rate is charged for a dog license. The Wyoming bachelor should resent the imputation upon his intrinsic value. We suggest a graded tax—say two dollars for an old, wizened crotchety bachelor whom no bright woman will marry; five dollars for a middle-aged, fair-looking one, who could with some difficulty become a Benedict, and ten, fifteen or even twenty dollars for a wide-awake, long-stepping, generous, genial fellow, who would make the best kind of a husband and knows his value quite too well.

The Woman's Building of the Columbian Exposition is to be decorated with eight imposing figures, sculptured on the exterior above the roof line, while in the main pediments, a space of forty-two feet, will be filled by a symbolic relief composition, competitive designs for all of which are invited from woman artists of the country. Miss Enid Yandell, of Louisville, a young lady of twenty-two, is now busy modeling the caryatides for the cornice of the roof garden. One hundred and seven competitive designs, many of distinguished merit, were submitted for the official seal of the Board of Lady Managers, and of these seven have been selected and sent to St. Gaudens, who will make the final choice.

Vacation Homes for poor working-girls in the city are helpful and excellent. The question must often arise, however, in the mind of the observer: Why do not these girls, who profess such fondness for the country with its pure air, fresh milk and green fields, elect to live in the country the year round and make a comfortable living amid healthful surroundings? Domestic service, millinery and dress-making offer a good chance for comfortable livelihood to the willing worker in the country as well as in the city, and the overworked, anxious drudge of the crowded city shop [illegible] in most instances, easily make the change of location with profit, and gain a new lease of life by so doing.

Sir Edwin Arnold lives a quiet home life when in London. His house is stored with rare and beautiful *bric-à-brac*, a few choice books and pictures, and he owns an unusually fine collection of gems, many of them presents from the Sultan, the Shah and various Indian princes. His daughter is his closest companion, since the death of his wife, and herself has decided literary gifts, while his only son is an able associate-editor on his father's paper. Sir Edwin personally superintends every department of his paper, and he does not believe in the inferiority of women.

The Example of a Good Woman's life is an inspiration to all women. Mrs. Allen G. Thurman, who recently died at her home in Columbus, Ohio, at the age of eighty, was a native of Chillicothe, and married Judge Thurman after she became a widow, in 1844. She was a noble, lovable woman, unostentatious in her numerous and intelligent charities, vivacious in spirit, a sunbeam in her home and a helpmeet in every sense to her husband.

"La Cigale," the New Comic Opera which has just been introduced in New York, is founded on the first fable of La Fontaine, "*La Cigale et la Fourmi*"—"The Grasshopper and the Ant"—and has for its leading character a human grasshopper, who sings all summer and in winter finds himself unprovided for. The opera has had great success in London and in Paris, and is being elaborately presented in New York with equally good prospects.

Col. and Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte have returned from Europe and will entertain at Washington this coming winter. For years before their departure abroad, the dinners given by them in Washington and at Newport were famous. Mrs. Bonaparte is a granddaughter of Daniel Webster, much of whose talent she has inherited.

Björnson, the Norwegian novelist, is so bad a penman that no one but his wife can decipher his manuscript. She copies and recopies his work after he has revised and corrected it, and sometimes she writes the entire manuscript over three or four times.

Miss Emily Clark, instructor in Latin at Wellesley College, has been appointed principal of the women's department, at Olivet College, Michigan.

Mrs. Gilbert, the septuagenarian actress, is full of life and spirits, and looks forward with the eagerness of a girl to her work for this season.

Mrs. H. H. A. Reade, of Boston, wrote the music of the offertory anthem which was sung at the consecration of Bishop Brooks.

Colorado is the only State that gives salaries to its woman commissioners for the World's Fair.

Correspondence

CARL (Saginaw, Mich.) writes: "I would ask you: (1) What studies shall I take up to prepare myself for journalism. I am fifteen years of age, am attending the high school of this city, and enjoy writing as well as reading. (2) Is it advisable to take up that profession?" *Answer:* (1) A newspaper man, if he is determined to rise, needs, perhaps, more general information than a man following any other line of work. He needs a thorough acquaintance with the common-school studies, close knowledge of the political and Constitutional history of the country, as much knowledge of English history as he can readily acquire, and some familiarity with general history. He also needs to be familiar with English literature. Besides these, current politics and literature should be closely followed by him. A boy of fifteen, who "has the journalistic virus in his blood," should apply himself energetically to rhetoric and English composition, should train to quick use his faculty of observation, and should practice writing accurate descriptions of the incidents which come under his observation. He should also read carefully as many good newspapers as he can obtain copies of. He should furthermore, if he can find an opportunity, learn to set type and read proof. (2) If a boy has brightness, resolution, quickness and has studied as we have outlined above, and is certain that he will prefer newspaper-work more than any other occupation, it is advisable for him to give it a fair trial.

MARIAN.—It is true that "a photograph of a martyr of the sixteenth century" has been exhibited in Paris and in other cities. Of course the photograph was not taken from the living person, but came about in this wise: It seems that in the year 1612 the Spanish Benedictine monk, Hadeo, published an account of the martyrdom of a Moorish Christian, named Geronimo. He was taken prisoner by the Algerines in 1569, and refusing to embrace Mahometanism at the command of his captors, was buried alive in the mud wall of a fort then being erected in Algiers. This fort was demolished not long ago by the French, and guided by the description of Geronimo's inhumation given by Father Hadeo more than two hundred and fifty years ago, a French antiquarian managed to pick out of the ruins the very block of clay in which the body was imbedded. On opening the block, the shriveled remains of the victim were disclosed, together with a perfect representation of his figure and features as they were impressed upon the yielding clay in his dying moments, three centuries before. Even the folds of the *burnous* and turban had been duplicated to the minutest wrinkle. From this mold, hardened by the suns of nearly three hundred years, a cast of the head and bust was executed, and from the cast a number of photographs were taken. This is a plain statement of the case.

ERIC (Slaughter, Wash.) writes: "A week or two ago I saw an account of a fast transcontinental railway trip. In reference to that, my partner says twelve years ago last June he was in Truckee, Cal., when a train came through at 2 A. M., June 4 (having left New York, June 1), and made the through trip in about eighty-six hours, being somewhere *about* twenty hours better than the time made in the trip I first mentioned. He says the cause of it was a party who were going from Liverpool to San Francisco, and they made the trip inside of ten days. I claim that, even at the present day, it is almost impossible to make it in ten days. In 1879, the fastest transatlantic steamship record was over seven days, and *that* from Fastnet lighthouse to Sandy Hook. Will you please tell me if you know anything of this?" *Answer:* We do not know any particulars about the Liverpool-San Francisco party you mention. We do not believe that in 1879 a person could have travelled between the two places in ten days.

L. M. B. (Pittsburg, Pa.) writes: "Being an old reader of the *Ledger*, I would like you to do me a favor: The *Ledger* is just as old as I am. When I forget my age I look at the *Ledger*—volume 47—I remember. The *Ledger* and myself go together. But my request: Republish, please, 'Bion the Wanderer; A Tale of Ship and Shore.' By Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. I read it when I was young. I would like to read it again." *Answer:* The story you name is published in book form by Cassell & Company, New York city.

E. C.—What do you mean by "the oldest State in the Union?" If you mean the one of the thirteen original States in which the first settlement was made, by colonists from Europe, after the discovery of the continent by Americus Vespucci, then Virginia is the oldest; but if you mean the one which first adopted our present Constitution, then Delaware is the "eldest sister."

J. O. M. (Germantown, Tenn.) writes: "What is the best business manual? Where and at what price can I get it? I want a standard work." *Answer:* Several standard business guides have been published. The *Ledger* recently contained an advertisement of one of the best of these. You could buy or order a copy of a standard guide at any bookseller's.

K. S.—You ought to pay the interest on the mortgage before the time limited for the payment of it runs out, and then fight your case afterward. But if you make default in the payment of the interest, your opponent can foreclose the mortgage, and so get a great advantage over you.

MARIE writes: "(1) What does the friendship of Damon and Pythias mean? (2) Where did the word 'Endymion' originate?" *Answer:* (1) Damon and Pythias were two Syracusans of classical times, when Syracuse was one of the leading cities of Sicily. They formed a friendship which has become celebrated as the type of a pure and noble companionship. Pythias was imprisoned and condemned to death by Dionysius, the ruler of the city. He requested a temporary release, that he might arrange his affairs. The request was granted on condition that he provide some man to take his place during his absence, and to suffer his punishment in case Pythias did not return. When this condition was made known Damon insisted on being the substitute required. Pythias accepted the offer, left prison to arrange his affairs and returned before the day set for his execution. Dionysius, touched by the friendship shown, relented and set both men free. (2) The word "Endymion" originated in Ancient Greece. Endymion was a young shepherd of much beauty, who slept each evening in a romantic grotto on Mount Latmus, after tending his flock during the day. As he slept the goddess Selene (the moon) became enamored of him, and came down from her golden chariot to shower gifts upon him. The ancient Greeks believed that the eclipses of the moon were due to such visits. Endymion was finally cast into everlasting sleep by Selene, according to the ancient Greek mythology.

SEVENTEEN.—You are about to do as foolish a thing as did a young woman of the name of Sappho, who jumped from a bluff into the Ionian Sea, some twenty-five hundred years ago, because a young fellow, whose heathen appellation was Phaon, declined to wed her. The bisextile had not then been invented, but it was certainly *leap year*, in every sense of the word, with poor Sappho. In this Christian age young ladies not unfrequently make a blind plunge into the married state, as you propose to do, only to find the objects of their choice as cruel as the rocks and the sea. Drowning is a mild fate in comparison with the life-long misery which some of these victims of misplaced affection endure. No woman should encourage any man to address her as a lover whose character and antecedents she does not know and approve. How *can* any woman with the slightest pretensions to common sense link herself for life to a man of whom she knows nothing—a stranger? Yet this is done every day. The newspapers teem with such cases and their dismal consequences. Thousands of love-leaps as disastrous as Sappho's take place every year.

ORGANIST.—If the elder members of the church are prejudiced against organ-playing on the Sabbath, and especially against the "fancy tunes," as they call your voluntaries and interludes, you should respect their prejudices and feelings, and play only such familiar old tunes, and in such a quiet manner, as will soothe and gratify them. A little tact on your part would soon make you master of the situation; whereas, if you go on in your present defiant course, you will before long have the members of the church all by the ears, and lose your situation.

W. D. (King City, Mo.) writes: "In the paragraph in the Science column in No. 42 of the *Ledger* (Oct. 31, 1891) relating that the engine 'Chas. Dickens' had completed her millionth mile, should it not be ten million miles? Is not a million, according to the English system of enumeration equal to ten of our millions? I think such is the case, but I may be mistaken." *Answer:* You are mistaken. You are perhaps thinking of the fact that the English billion is equal to a thousand of our billions.

WASHINGTON.—We have repeatedly warned our subscribers against investing their money in any of the gambling enterprises of the day, no matter under what name or pretense they angle for victims. We cannot help you recover the money you have lost by your foolish adventure. You ought not to regain it. Anybody who seeks to gain money by any heterodox means, ought, by the loss of his investment, to be made to comprehend that the way of the transgressor is hard.

IN HASTE (New York) writes: "A friend invites me to her wedding reception, from nine until eleven P. M., and does not send an invitation to any other member of the family. I would like to know which would be more proper: to go with my maid, or to invite a gentleman friend?" *Answer:* If the reception is a large one it would be preferable for you to go with a gentleman as an escort. If it is small, it would be more advisable for you to take your maid.

DISTRICT SCHOOL.—It seems to us that you were hasty in punishing the boy, and that the father was indiscreet in his manner of resenting it. As the matter stands, you must fight the battle out as you best can, with the assistance of the friendly trustees. As you seem to lack judgment it would be best for you to keep still and let the trustees manage the whole matter for you.

S. (Sempronius, N. Y.) writes: "Which is right: 'Bring me the ten-foot pole,' or, 'Bring me the ten-feet pole?'" *Answer:* "A ten-foot pole" is correct. We say "a ten-foot pole," "a ten-dollar bill," "a ten-horse team," "a ten-ox team," etc. It would be the height of ignorance to say "a ten-feet pole," "a ten-dollars bill," "a ten-horses team," "a ten-oxen team," etc.

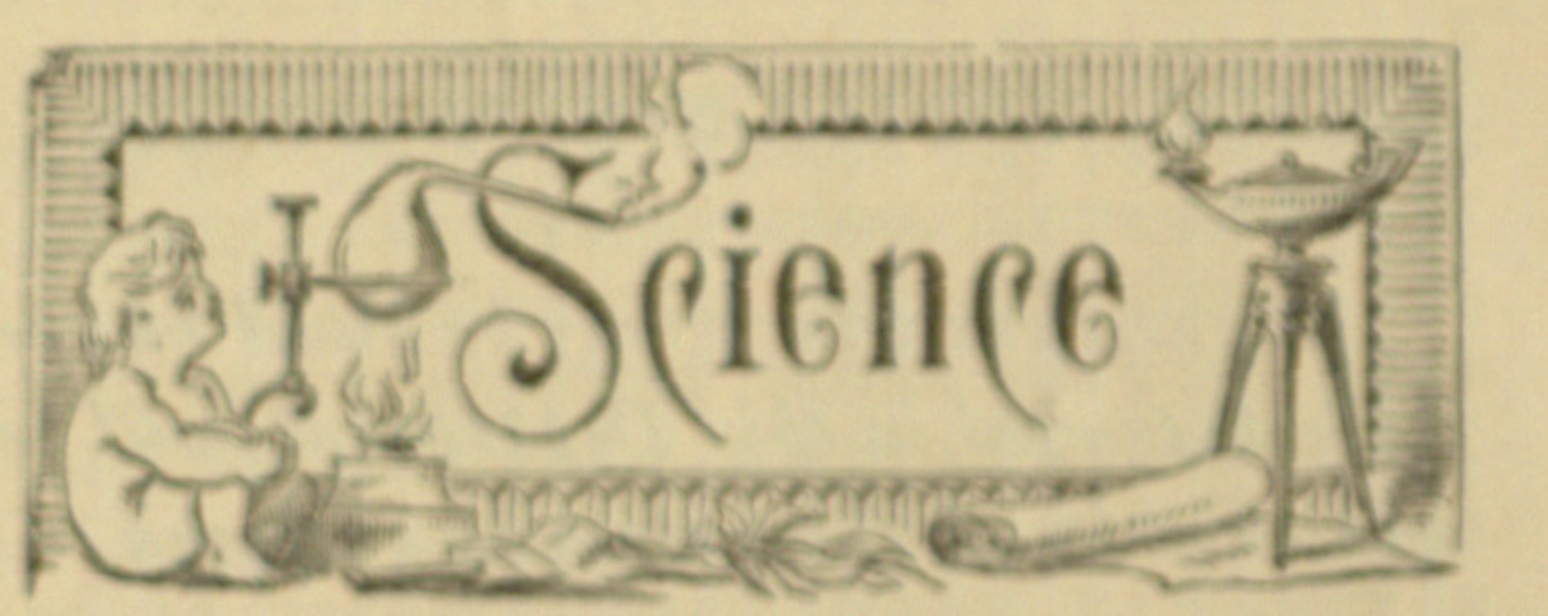
E. N.—You can find the "Prisoner of Chillon" in almost any collection of Lord Byron's works. It is one of his best minor poems.

N. L.—In sending a wedding present to the donee, it is only requisite that you should attach your name to it, on a neat card.

W. L. (Dana, Ind.) writes: "Who is president of Switzerland?" *Answer:* Doctor E. Welti is president of the Swiss republic.

L. A. P.—There are no premiums on the three-cent pieces of 1852, 1853 and 1858.

⁂*Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*



Science

On Tuesday night, October 13, at The Grange, the residence of Mr. Yates Neill, Ealing, England, a large branch of one of the magnificent chestnut-trees standing in the ground was broken off by the force of the wind, and fell on two stripling chestnut-trees near the wall. On Wednesday morning, the gardener, a man named Parker, was engaged in sawing the detached bough, Mr. Delancey Neill and Mr. Vertie Neill watching the operation. Just before noon, the first-named gentleman saw what appeared to him to be a ball of fire fall, and striking the tree in an oblique direction, alight on the ground within two or three yards of where the three were standing, whence it rebounded and exploded with a sound like dynamite. Although neither of them was struck, the shock was so great that for a time all three were dazed, Mr. Vertie Neill, indeed, being thrown down, and rolling over two or three times. His brother was the first to recover from the shock, and promptly went to his help, and he was removed to the house, where the feeling of dizziness speedily wore off; and beyond somewhat severe headaches, which lasted for some hours, neither of the gentlemen nor the gardener appeared to have suffered any ill effects. The trunk of the tree struck by the meteor presents the appearance of having been burned in a zigzag direction for a distance of some 20 or 30 feet.

A notice which will be read with interest by owners of gems has been issued by Dr. A. Brezina, the director of the mineral department of the Natural History Museum at Vienna. It relates to the doings of a young man who, on September 26, contrived to conceal himself in the department, just before the time for the closing of the museum. He was caught, and found to be armed with a revolver, and to have in his possession files and other implements. He had also in his possession nearly 600 gems, some of them cut, but the majority in their natural state. He has a passport, in which he is described as Hugo Kahn, of Berlin; but he has also called himself Krony, Kronek, Kornak, Kronicsalsky. His age is twenty-four; he measures in height 5 ft. 8 in.; he is slender, has a longish, handsome face, is of a brownish complexion, has dark hair, gray eyes and a light-brown beard, which is of feeble growth. Most of the gems (the names of which, with the exception of a rock crystal, he does not know) he professes to have bought from a barber in Marseilles. As it is important that the former owner or owners should be known, Dr. Brezina prints a list of the gems, with the request that any one who has information about them will communicate with him.

Rats at Aden appear to have a vigorous appetite, and to adopt remarkable ways of gratifying it. Captain R. Light, writing on the subject from Aden to the Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society, says the rats in his house—which is overrun with them—demolish skins, braces, whips, etc.; and one night he awoke feeling a rat gnawing at his toes. This happened in spite of a dog—a good ratter—being in the room. Captain Light was lately watching his pony being shod, and noticed the hoof apparently cut away all round the coronet, wherever it was soft. He accused the blacksmith of doing this in addition to the usual rasping of the hoof to suit the shoe. His servant said that the rats had done it, and that they came at night and ate away not only the pony's hoofs but those of the goat and kid, and that these animals were greatly tormented by the rats. Captain Light examined the hoofs, and found beyond doubt that such was the case, the marks of the teeth being plain; moreover, he found that the horns of the kid, which had been about half an inch high, were eaten flush with the head.

Mr. W. H. Harris records in *Nature Notes* a remarkable instance of "frugality" in bees. The recent extremely rainy weather seems to have suggested to his bees that there would probably soon be an end of honey-making. Accordingly, although there was "a crate of fairly filled sections above the stock-box," they adopted vigorous measures to prevent future inconvenience. "It is a positive fact," says Mr. Harris, "that my bees, not content with ejecting larvæ of both drones and workers, proceeded to suck out the soft contents of the corpses, leaving only the white chitinous covering, which had not hardened sufficiently to prevent the workers from piercing it with their mandibles, and then inserting their tongues."

The Minister of Imperial Domains in Russia publishes a report, according to which the area of vineyards in that country is about 458,250 acres, the average yield of wine from them being 55,300,000 gallons, of which rather more than half is grown in the Caucasus. The average yield of the last twenty years has been about 180 gallons an acre.

Under the heading of "Oils," in the list of imports into India, it appears that there has been, during the last five years, the extraordinary increase of eighty-seven per cent. This is attributed mainly to the rapidity with which indigenous vegetable illuminants are being displaced by imported mineral oils.

A kind of artificial honey, which has lately been produced, seems likely to become a formidable rival of natural honey. It is called "sugar honey," and consists of water, sugar, a small proportion of mineral salts and a free acid, and the taste and smell resemble those of the genuine article.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Home Treatment of the Sick. "It is the sheerest nonsense to send for a physician every time one is the least bit out of sorts," the mother of a large family claimed. "I have brought up a number of children, and have been a sort of amateur doctor for my friends and neighbors for years. I have taken quite a number of cases in hand that seemed quite bad, but I have never failed to bring them around into good condition by the use of a few simple medicines. Nine-tenths of the minor ailments of life are due to injudicious eating and colds. Any of the first symptoms of illness brought about by these causes can be promptly checked if one has even a little knowledge of the healing art. An attack of indigestion accompanied by headache, a slight fever and distress in the region of the digestive organs, should be relieved by a Seidlitz powder or some similar simple remedy. And, by the way, there is a fashion of using Seidlitz powders which I think is not commonly known, but will be found most satisfactory to those who use this medicine. The ordinary powder should be divided in half, half of the contents of the blue paper being put into one tumbler and half of the contents of the white paper in another. Fill the tumblers half full of water as *hot* as one can drink it. Stir the water so as to dissolve the powders, then pour the two together and drink. Used with hot water, half of the powder is quite as effective as the whole would be if used with cold water, and the effect is much more agreeable and speedy. It is often the case that one's breakfast disagrees with one. Under such circumstances, one-quarter of a powder taken in hot water as directed will often clear the head and relieve all unpleasant symptoms. It must be borne in mind that Seidlitz powders should never be taken without mixing. There are cases on record where some foolish or adventurous persons have swallowed the contents of the tumblers separately, causing rupture of the stomach and almost immediate death.

"Judiciously used, a Seidlitz powder is one of the most valuable among the simple household remedies, and should be kept in the medicine closet of every family."

Price of Medicines. "I don't suppose," the practical mother of a family said, "that it does any good for one person to grumble about existing abuses. A single individual cannot constitute an organization, and without organized effort very little is accomplished. But I do wish some one would start an energetic crusade against the extortions of druggists. I had occasion, the other day, to use an article that I know can be bought for fifteen cents a pound by the single pound. I wanted a quarter of a pound, and the druggist called it four ounces and charged me forty cents for it—ten cents an ounce. I presume it is safe to say that the average article required for the family consumption, which is purchased of the druggist, is paid for at a rate six to ten times above its cost to the same individual.

"A prescription, which my physician ordered the other day, was put up by the apothecary, and he charged forty cents. I know that the cost of the material for that prescription was not over four cents. The only necessity was accuracy in weighing. For that I had not the facilities; therefore I paid, allowing three cents for the bottle, thirty-three cents profit, on stock which by no possibility could have cost the druggist over seven cents. You may say that I am able to pay it, but that's nothing to the case. The charge is extortionate, and, if I am able to pay it, there are thousands of people who are not. But as long as the public tolerate such abuses, just so long they may. Such profits would never be permitted in groceries, hardware, dry-goods or any other of the like necessities of life, but simply because it is medicine, about which people as a rule know less than of the other staple articles of consumption, advantage is taken of the consumer, and the most outrageous prices are put upon things which are as necessary as bread and meat. As I said before, I don't know what can be done about it, but something should be done, and that at once."

Light Rooms. "I shall get quite enough darkness when I move into my last home," said a bright, cheery housekeeper, as she threw open the shutters and let the southern sun into her sleeping-room. "I think, of all follies that a housekeeper can be guilty of, one of the worst is the darkening in of rooms and the habit of closing window-blinds. I think the superb health of my family is to a great extent chargeable to the habit that we have of almost living in the sunshine. Every bright day all of the shutters are thrown open, and the entire house gets the benefit of the sunlight. It drives away dampness and mold and microbes and blue-devils, and puts us all in good humor and good health. I cannot imagine good sanitary conditions and darkness. Even my cellar is as light as I can possibly make it, and whatever fruit and delicacies need to be shut away from the light I put into close cupboards or covered boxes. I have sheets of canvas that can be thrown over them before they are put away, and always take pains so to arrange my stores that nothing will be injured by an abundance of light.

"People who live in badly lighted apartments have little color and less health; and I for one do not intend to spend my days in an atmosphere of gloom. That is my greatest objection to living in a flat. It is almost always the case that some of the rooms are so dim and cheerless that they would give the best-dispositioned person the blues. I prefer a snug cottage, with any inconvenience which may attach to it, to stuffy, closed-in rooms where all of the light and air I get are, to some extent at least, second-hand."

Pretty House Dresses. At this season of the year there are always occasions when stylish and elegant house dresses are in demand. House parties are growing in favor, and are such a comfortable and sociable means of canceling one's society obligations that no one wonders at their popularity.

If there are several guests in the house, and some ceremony is observed in the matter of toilets, several handsome dresses are usually demanded. Among the most available materials are India silk and Japanese crape, also light-weight woolens of various sorts.

A very pretty model and one that has been copied by several young and stylish ladies is made of corn-colored Japanese crape. The skirt is full, and is made of straight-widths with an eight-inch flounce of the material at the hem. The waist is shirred very full, and the sleeves are made in large, loose puffs gathered into bands at the elbows and having frills of the material falling over the arms. The sides and back of the waist are made of olive-green velvet. A Medici collar, short basque-skirts and long sash-ends. The velvet is elaborately embroidered, with jewels and gold-braid. This is a very stylish and becoming dress, and one which will be found appropriate for all but very formal occasions. The style and material may be varied almost indefinitely. A dress of French cashmere made in this fashion, with embroidered-silk bodice, was a recent order.

Lace dresses, in black or in color, are worn with black or colored slips, ribbons and sashes.

Put Babies in Bags. "Do you ever put your babies to sleep in bags?" asked an old nurse, as she tucked in a family of little ones for the night. "If not, I will give you a point that you may sometime find useful. I had at one time in my charge a very delicate infant. It seemed to have little vitality and very poor circulation, and it was impossible to keep the little thing warm. It was also very nervous and restless and needed constant watching, else it would kick itself out of all its wrappings. I taxed my brain for a long time to think of some way to keep it thoroughly protected, until finally I hit upon an idea. I bought a yard and a half of moderately thick felt, folded it over, leaving the folded portion for the foot of the bag, then shaped out the top in a sort of night-gown fashion. I sewed strong tapes on the edges, put the little one into the bag and drew up the strings. The felt came close to the throat, but not so close as to be at all annoying. A little cap of soft, thick wool was provided, and you would have been surprised at the child's improvement. I kept the little thing in the bag the greater part of the time for three months, night and day, then it came on very warm weather, and I gradually left open one tape after another until I could leave it off altogether. I used to say that that child gained a pound a week, and I really think she did."

Give and Take. One of the lessons we have to learn in life, if we would not go about like so many hedgehogs, is the necessity for perpetual compromise—giving as well as taking—every now and then dropping of our own free will behind while we allow others to forge ahead—every now and then abandoning the outside fringe of a principle so as not to cut ourselves off from all possible accommodation with an opponent holding the exactly opposite faith—keeping as fast hold of the essential as may be, and letting the non-essential slide. This is what young people of earnest natures and high ideals never do. This kind of generous compromise, which is the ripe fruit of mature wisdom, seems to them the very shabbiest kind of trafficking with evil that can be devised. Everything is so clear and positive to the virtuous young.

Talk to them of the value of this strip of neutral ground where they may meet their opponents in partial amity, and they will tell you they do not want it. They prefer the foot-to-foot encounter as foemen not desiring peace nor asking for quarter on either side. Only as we grow older, and with increase of years gain increase of wisdom, only then do we see the good lying in the exhortation to give as well as to take—to allow to others the same rights and privileges as we claim for ourselves—to believe that others are as earnest for good as are we ourselves, though they see red when we see blue, and think the way over the moor more direct than that through the fields.

This question of giving and taking comes up in conversation, and the manner of conducting talk on one side and the other. You meet with certain people who will not allow any one to have his innings while they can hold the field. Whoever is talking, they cut in and snip off the thread from those lips, at all events, taking it into their own, and giving no one further chance. They interrupt and dominate. They cap all stories with something bigger and longer and higher; and their experiences always outpace those of others, however great these may have been. If you tell them of something that happened to you at Algiers, they will distance you by an adventure, on parallel lines, which they had in St. Petersburg. When they cannot parallel, they surpass in a totally new direction; and you must make up your mind to listen to romances before which those of Munchausen pale. They understand nothing about giving and taking in conversation or anything else. Their only ambition is to shine, to attract attention, to dominate, to concentrate all eyes on them and them alone. They are the pirates of a dinner-table, the robbers of others' rights, the oppressors of those poor little people who have only a limited stock of talk and a restricted show of anecdote. Instead of generously letting each contribute his small share, they swoop down and take the whole to themselves; and "giving" is out of court, while "taking" is the law and rule.

We give and take in appreciation and sympathy. To demand all for ourselves and give nothing to others is a miserable kind of one-sided bargain. But it is not infrequent among those vain and selfish people who think they have rights and no duties—who can give no praise while demanding adulation—who are barren of sympathy for others while craving this from all with whom they come in contact. Most of us know some one of this kind. To him nothing comes amiss in the way of sympathy with his imaginary suffering and praise of his efforts. If a cock crows in the night you must pity him as much as if he had real cause for grave distress. If a dog barks in the day, the dog's owner must be anathematized as one to whom the benefit of clergy would rightfully be denied. But you—if your child dies you have only a passing "very sorry" flung off like foam from the deep waters of his own self-pity; and then he will tell you of his misfortunes on the night previous with a creaking door or a howling dog, with which you are expected to sympathize.

You have had influenza—badly; you are still weak and depressed, and your ungiving friend comes to see you. She does her part toward the recovery of your spirits by complaining of her cook, bemoaning herself over her gout and rheumatism, finding fault with her neighbors, prophesying evil of her friend's eldest son or youngest daughter. She has no sympathy to give; she expects to take all. Her egotism is like a huge net which she casts into the sea, finding all the fish she can catch good enough for food. A notable instance of this once came into the experience of the writer of these lines. A favorite daughter lay dead in the house. A friend wrote from the country with a long list of requirements for a Christmas-tree, which, after a brief word of sympathy, she requested the heart-broken mother to buy for her "now—immediately."

Among children generally, and boys especially, this doctrine of "Give and Take" ought to be strongly insisted on. With it we have good temper, generosity, the sense of justice, the absence of egotism. Without it we have the reverse of all these qualities, and the fostering of an unmanly namby-pamby irritability which cries at a pinprick and finds a straw a burden to bear. It often happens that the most tiresome and aggressive of the children is also the one who will bear least in the way of retaliation. He leaves no one alone; but if the provoked victim, after a due amount of "churning up," turns on the plaguer and gives back a little of what he has taken, forthwith the tease flies to his mother, howling, carrying his complaints to her sympathetic ears, and as often as not getting compensation for the woes he has endured. The popular boy at school is sure to be one who can take as good-humoredly as he gives—or haply, if passions are roused, who can take as staunchly as he has given uncompromisingly. When he has provoked a quarrel, and gets the worse of it, he accepts his punishment in silence. The best has to win. He has learned that before now, and if that other is the better "man" with his fists there is nothing to be said or done. He does not want any one else to interfere in his fray—to "dip his spoon in his soup"—and so he takes what he has got and keeps calm, perhaps waiting for the time when he shall be best in his turn. Yes, it is a wholesome lesson and a useful rule of life to give as well as to take—to accept the hard knocks of men and fortune with patience and good temper, pending that future hour of triumph when the one can be returned and the other finally conquered.

Selling Old Jewelry. The world is full of various devices more or less questionable, if, indeed, there are any degrees in evil, which some philosophers do not admit, and the unsuspecting are almost always caught in the little traps set by unscrupulous people who originate these catch-penny schemes.

Among the minor swindles is one which has been extensively practiced, and has thus far met with little if any rebuke. There are houses that advertise to buy old gold. Circulars and advertisements are sent out, declaring that old gold is useless to its possessor, that it is an incentive to burglary, that one is liable to lose it and various like reasons are given why it is wise to dispose of it. Following this is a statement that it can be sent by mail to the advertiser, who will return by the next mail its full equivalent.

Not long since, a lady who had in her possession a quantity of odd pieces of jewelry: chains, bits of bracelets, broken sleeve-links and similar odds and ends, thought she would try the experiment, and sent a small parcel of gold to a house which made a specialty of this kind of dealing. Among other pieces was a bit of chain which had been attached to a watch-seal. She had supposed it to be fourteen-karat gold and had understood that the cost of the metal was between seven and eight dollars. Judge of her surprise when she received two dollars and forty cents for the lot, including a very heavy pair of broken sleeve-links, which were hammered out of pure metal, assayed as such at one of the California mints. To further test the honesty of the same establishment, she took occasion when on a visit to the city to call and offer for sale a watch-case, which had been tested and appraised by Tiffany as containing sixty dollars' worth of gold. For this she was offered twenty-five dollars, and the manners of the clerks were so impertinent and insolent, that she remarked, after leaving the place, that they acted as though they thought she was offering stolen goods. A friend who accompanied her remarked that this was the way in which they got possession of a great many articles. Nervous, inexperienced or timid people were so confused and annoyed by the manners of the clerks, that they let the goods go at whatever price was offered.

In the instance mentioned, the lady said to the clerks that the watch-case had been valued by Tiffany, and she declined to leave it. They then began a series of questions and offers, evidently intending to raise the price. Indeed a considerable advance was finally offered, but the lady left the store in disgust, refusing to continue negotiations. One house where this line of dealing has been made a specialty has grown rich, and, it can be safely said, in a way as dishonest as any fertile imagination could devise, and this, too, while claiming the utmost reliability and honorable dealing with all their customers.

Parties having old gold to dispose of will do well to take care into what hands it falls, if they expect to realize anything like its actual value.

The Love in Marriage. "Don't make a mistake, my dear," said a middle-aged lady to a young friend; "don't marry that man simply because you are in love with him. If he doesn't care quite as much for you, you had better break your heart grieving over what you have not got, than wear your life out in sorrow because you are bound to a man whose indifference is perpetually before your eyes. The idea of teaching a man to love you is a most mistaken one. There are instances where it has been done, but it is the most unsatisfactory thing in the world to wait for.

"A woman is much more likely to learn to love her husband after marriage, than the man to learn to love the wife, and the reason for this is evident: The woman in the quiet of her home has her thoughts constantly directed toward the husband. The man in the whirl of business has a thousand things to distract his attention, and she must be a woman of more than ordinary grace and attractiveness, who can win a tired, oftentimes harassed and distracted man from his business thought to a deep and lasting affection. You may say that marriage is a lottery. So it is, but there are lotteries and lotteries, and of all chance games the chance of winning a wayward heart is about the most hopeless. Especially is this the case if the woman is herself deeply in love. She gauges the man's feelings by her own and bases her demands on what she would herself do, as she fancies, under like circumstances. But she reasons from wrong premises, and, like all calculations based on error, comes far short of her expectations. Marry only the man who desires your love [illegible] all things else, otherwise it is better to remain single."

Ironing. "No, I don't get very tired when I iron," said an experienced laundress to a lady who was expressing sympathy at her hard work. "At least it's only my arms and shoulders that get tired. I don't mind standing if I can have things my own way. I always have a cushion for my feet when I stand at the ironing-board. It is made of a dozen thicknesses of old carpet-lining, covered with drugget. The lining is cut in squares and very loosely tacked together with long stitches. The drugget is cut of the required size, the edges are turned in and over-handed, then strong stitches are sewed through about every two inches over the surface of the cover. I have a little loop on two corners of the rug and hang it up by both loops. In this way it does not curl up and get out of shape, as it would if it were hung by one corner. I have another rug in front of my dish-washing table—indeed, there are a number of them around the house; and when I have any work that requires standing, one of them invariably comes on to the floor under my feet.

"If housekeepers realized how much of their strength could be saved by a few of these simple devices, they would not fail to provide them. I can stand at my table as long again without feeling weariness if I have one of these cushions or pads to stand on. I think they might be a profitable article of trade. I have used them for years, and I can't see why they have not been generally introduced. They seem as necessary to me as holders and stove-brushes."

Coal Dust. "How do you manage to have your coal put into the cellar without getting everything all over coal-dust?" asked a young matron.

"Easily enough," said her friend. "I refuse to have the coal put in unless it has been thoroughly wet. In places where there are hydrants this is a very easy matter and one that the truckman frequently attends to without orders. Where there is no running water a few pailfuls from the well or cistern will save all trouble. In very cold weather this is scarcely practicable as the water freezes as soon as it touches the coal. In such a case I insist in having the coal screened repeatedly and put in with a great deal of care. The long chutes that dealers use to conduct the coal into the bins can be so arranged that the coal does not fall any great distance, thus breaking off little particles and grinding them to dust. There are few more annoying things than to find one's entire cellar covered with a coating of black powder, and every careful dealer will see to it that his customers are spared the trouble of cleaning the cellar every time coal is put in."

MALCOLM HAYES'S WIFE.

BY AGNES BREWER.

It was *the* wedding of the season, that of Florence Ransom and Malcolm Hayes. The church was thronged with the *élite* of the great city, the marriage-bell was composed of flowers the whitest and choicest, the favorite tenor vouchsafed his most musical notes; the bride was a marvel of beauty, awaiting whom stood the groom in his English morning costume, calm and composed. He was the least noticed of all the spectators in the drama, although none there were more worthy of recognition. For a moment as his eyes rested on the fair vision approaching him, a sudden fire sprang into their slumberous depths, the color receded from his face, leaving it very white, and the hand which was outstretched to lead her to the altar felt cold even through the lavender kid-glove, but the voice which answered all the solemn questions betrayed no tremor. Clear and distinct it sounded through the entire church, and when it was over and they turned arm in arm, it seemed indeed as though the flowers, thrown by four little girls in purest white upon their carpeted path, were not symbolical of their future way through life. What then was wanting? Only that which made it all an empty sham: love!

A year before, Miss Ransom had been left an orphan, and, to add to the poignancy of her grief at losing her father (the only parent she had ever known), she discovered that her annual income would about represent the usual sum she expended for gloves and flowers. It was a frightful condition of things. Her father had been the senior member of the firm, the main branch of which was in Calcutta. His sudden death, leaving his only daughter totally unprovided for, called a meeting of the heads on the other side of the water.

"One of us must do something for the girl," said Mr. Howard, half laughing and shaking his gray head. "I am married, and consequently cannot assist her in that way. Suppose, Malcolm, you go over and assume this vacant place, and, if not too onerous a burden, take upon yourself the responsibilities of a married man."

So young Hayes had accepted the suggestion so far as assuming the duties of the position, but with mental reservation concerning the other, which, however, after meeting [illegible] Ransom, seemed entirely to fade from sight, and ended in a formal offer of heart and hand. Every one said it was an admirable arrangement; for none appeared to think it possible there could be on her side a moment's hesitation. *He* did not seem to consider it necessary to make any great demand upon her heart. From the Calcutta firm came letters of congratulation and presents of inestimable value. There was little time for thought in the bustle of preparation and inspection of the *trousseau* worthy a princess, until it finally all ended in the usual form—the clash of marriage-bells, which, if they rang discordantly on any heart, to the husband's ear were musical enough; the distributing of wedding-favors, both congratulations and farewells, and two people destined to each other's society until death should strike one from the roll. Ended, did I say? I should have said *begun;* since on the steps of the altar the bride leaves her white robe of girlhood's carelessness, and assumes the mantle of her *womanhood.*

A fortunate marriage! A model couple! This the world's verdict; and, seemingly, a correct one, as, two years having passed, their inner life but corresponded with that they led outwardly, and no clash ever marred its fair surface. Better, perhaps, had it done so. Better even an occasional wound, if it but penetrated the surface, which hid so effectually all that lay beneath.

"Not going out this evening, Malcolm?" questioned Mrs. Hayes, entering, in full evening toilet, the room where her husband sat reading.

"No," looking up with a smile. "I send so fair a representative, Florence, I shall not be missed. I trust you will enjoy the ball, dear."

"Oh, doubtless. I always enjoy dancing; and notwithstanding the fact of two years of married life, I still have no dearth of partners."

"I should think not, indeed. Your cares have not aged you, my wife."

"'Cares!' Oh, Malcolm, I have none. But good-bye! *Au revoir!*"

At the threshold she paused. An unwonted sound had fallen on her ear—a quick sigh from her husband's lips. In a moment she was back at his side, bending over him, a radiant vision of beauty.

"You are not well, Malcolm. You look pale. I will not go out to-night."

"Nonsense, dear. I am perfectly well; only a little tired. I shall soon retire, and at the breakfast-table you must give me a list and description of your triumphs."

Mrs. Malcolm Hayes, in the whirl of pleasure and excitement, seldom found time to note that the paleness she had first observed on her husband's face now rarely left it, or that his eyes had in them a wearied look, as of one who seldom slept.

Except when they received at their own home, he never appeared at her side. Since his discovery that she would go alone, with apparently unmarred enjoyment, he had eschewed society so gradually that she hardly realized how separated their lives had become.

"I would like to see you a moment, Florence, in the library," he said to her one evening, after dinner, as she was about ascending to her dressing-room, to place herself in the hands of her maid.

Surprised at the unwonted request, she turned and entered with him the room designated.

"I have decided, Florence, to return for a short time to Calcutta. I shall sail next week, but have made every arrangement for your comfort during my absence. My uncle and aunt will make their home with you. You will have unlimited credit at my banker's, and it is my pleasure that you should deny yourself nothing."

As he spoke, uttering each word slowly and distinctly, his eyes never for a moment left her face, but fastened there with a hungry greed, as though he would penetrate the fair mask and discover what feelings they had awakened; but save a faint surprise which swept over her lovely features, all was calm as moonlight upon a silvery lake.

"So soon, Malcolm? What has caused so unexpected a decision?"

"Hardly unexpected, Florence. I have been anticipating it for some time, but thought it unnecessary to tell you until I had resolved. The time of my return will be indefinite, but probably within a year. If you should ever need me, send for me."

Then, as she left the room, his calm outward composure suddenly gave way, as the ice beneath the sunbeams; a groan burst from his white lips and he bowed his head upon the table before him.

"Not a sigh, not a word," he murmured. "She could not even give up the gay world for these last few evenings we shall spend together. Had I asked her, she doubtless would have complied with my request; but urged, it would have lost its charm. Oh, beautiful piece of marble, what madness ever made me hope that I could warm you into life?"

But upstairs, while her maid with skillful fingers arranged the golden mass of hair and draped the exquisite figure in its matchless toilet, the young wife's thoughts had forgotten even her presence, and instead of the beautiful reflection in the mirror she saw a ship riding a stormy ocean, and on its deck one solitary passenger, alone pacing up and down, whose eyes, scanning the rapidly receding land in the distance, were those which had looked so calmly into hers when he had announced his decision a few moments before. For her comfort he had been thoughtful as he ever was, but suddenly there rushed over her the sense of her life's emptiness, the many days and nights she must pass with hundreds of miles between them, the solemn vows each had made to the other before God's altar. In what had they failed? Had she done her part? Had she found time for a wife's duty in this weary whirl? Had she been mad that only through suffering she had learned the truth—the truth that in *heart* as well as in *name* she was the *wife* of the man who so coldly had avowed his determination of leaving her? Suddenly dismissing the maid, regardless of the rich draperies clinging so gracefully to her form, she sank on her knees and prayed as she had *never* prayed before, then rose with a sudden resolution shining in her eyes, and a moment later, with a "Good night!" to her husband, swept out to her carriage. No whisper of her unexpected resolution passed her lips. She watched all his preparations with similar calmness, saw him put his house in order as though he expected never to return, while her heart seemed breaking that no outward sign of suffering escaped him.

Two days before he was to sail he left her, as he had business at the port from which the ship sailed. She stood in the library, where he had told her his decision, awaiting his farewell. He entered, the door closed and they two were alone.

"Good-bye, my wife," he said, in tones which sounded cold. "Remember, if you *need* me, send for me. I will come. God bless you!"

Then for one instant she was folded in his arms, kisses strangely in consonance with his words, mad with passionate pain, rained on cheek, lip and brow, almost roughly she was thrown from him, and he was gone; but his lips had told her what his words had failed to do; had lent fuel to fire; had given hope that the love she felt for him might in time awaken its answering love. It was a busy scene, full of sadness as well as amusement, as the brave ship weighed anchor and, to the sailors' rough music of "Heave, ho!" started down the stream. All seemed to have some friend, some one near and dear to bid them "Godspeed!" One man alone had none. The picture Florence had seen in her mirror was verified, as with sad, straining eyes he watched the fast receding streets. She, who should have been there, was absent; he would have none other. It was over now—the necessity for concealment; there was no one now to discover traces of care or furrows of tears. It was over! How could he live? he thought, as, with but one desire, to be alone with his soul's agony, he descended to his state-room. Opening the door he started, and had almost fallen. Misery had conjured up ghosts. Kneeling, her face buried in her hands, was a woman's form. None other on earth with that same peerless grace.

"Florence!" he said, and his voice sounded strange and husky. "Florence!" now entering and closing the door. "Thank God, darling, even your spirit has visited me!"

But in another moment he knows it is no spirit. Two loving arms are clasped close about his neck, a beautiful golden head is pillowed on his heart, and he hears his wife sob out her words of entreaty:

"I could not help it, Malcolm. Do not, oh, do not send me back! I will do anything, go anywhere, but do not forget I am your wife, my rightful shelter your breast! Perhaps in time you will learn to love me. Let me try to teach you."

"To teach me? Florence, are you mad, or am I? Darling, did you not know you were the one love of my life, and that I left you only to free my caged bird, to thus give you happiness? Oh, my own, if this is dreaming, let me dream on forever, lest the waking kill!"

But Malcolm Hayes's dream is life-long, growing in beauty with its growth; and when, their voyage over, they return once more to their charming home, as well in crowded ball-room or in the sanctity of their own boudoir, his eyes, radiant with love, gleam answering fire from those which ever seek his, Malcolm Hayes thanks God for the day his wife's sweet, fair spirit came to him.

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FACTS ABOUT THE UMBRELLA.

BY JOEL BENTON.

Around Oriental thrones generally, the umbrella played an important part. The King of Ava was called "King of the White Elephant and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." An umbrella of silk, "embroidered with gold and silver ornaments," beautifully fringed, and having a hollow but very thick silver handle was the contribution of an Asiatic potentate to the London World's Fair of 1856.

In China twenty-four umbrellas go before the monarch; in Morocco only the monarch and his close relatives carry one; in Constantinople one should, in passing the palace of the sultan, lower his umbrella as a mark of respect. Mr. Sangster, an English writer, says the "sacred use of the parasol in France and England was adopted probably from China, about the middle of the seventeenth century." The same writer thinks, as the wits of this era were devoted largely to the muff and fan and gave slight attention to the umbrella, that it had not come into very common use then. Gay, 1712, speaks of the surtout as the main defense against a shower. And yet Beaumont and Fletcher and their contemporaries make allusions to the umbrella.

Umbrellas were used in conveying ladies from the great houses where they were entertained to their carriages, before men used them much. Robinson Crusoe, it will be remembered, made himself an umbrella of skins, with the hair-side outward. That the use of the umbrella, to any large extent, is quite modern in English history "is evident from the fact that General (then lieutenant-colonel) Wolfe, writing from Paris to England in 1752, speaks of the people there using umbrellas for the sun and rain, and wonders that a similar practice does not obtain in England." The excuse for Jonas Hanway, who set the example of carrying the umbrella, was his feeble health, and the fact that he learned the luxury of the article in Persia. He died in 1786, and had carried the novelty for thirty years—which makes it just about one hundred and forty years that the umbrella among the English and their descendants has been used.

It is an old story to tell that every new step in the improvement or initiation of an article of utility excites interested ridicule and opposition. It is said that rivermen once objected strenuously in England, to competing stage and coach lines. When the umbrella came it was the turn of the hackney-coach drivers to object to persons' going covered from the storm on foot, as it seriously interfered with the patronage which was thought inalienable to the coach. Mr. Sangster, on whose researches I must depend for many interesting facts about the umbrella, says the first man to hold this article up in Glasgow was Mr. John Jamieson, a surgeon. He found one in Paris, and was highly pleased at the attention his use of it at home attracted. Doctor Spens was the first to carry one in Edinburgh.

"In Bristol a red Leghorn umbrella appeared about 1782, and created no small sensation." It is not much over a generation since, that "an old lady, who lived in Taunton, recollected when there were only two umbrellas in the town, one of which belonged to the clergyman."

The umbrella of the eighteenth century was, at first, a heavy affair—clumsy to manage and awkward every way. It was made of oiled cloth. The silk, gingham and lighter fabrics, which came into use later, rendered possible also a much lighter and more portable frame, on which has been put various interesting improvements down to our day.

When umbrellas were first made, those who borrowed one were not infrequently puzzled. A Scotch gentleman, loaning one which was repaired to a friend leaving his doorstep in a shower, soon saw him coming back in great haste. He said, at once, it would never do, as he had no door in his house or even in his barn through which he could take it. Rowland Hill, the eccentric preacher, having an extraordinarily large audience one rainy Sunday, drollingly remarked:

"My brethren, I have often heard that religion can be made a *cloak*, but this is the first occasion on which I ever knew it could be converted into an *umbrella*."

The umbrella which Jonas Hanway carried was a somewhat different one from any now in use, since three hundred patents or more have made the article what it is. His umbrella was quite small in diameter, with an exceedingly long handle. As it was no more suitable for a cane, when folded, than a fish-pole would be, it had on the top, where the present ferrule is found, a ring to hang it up by. Probably another ring, fastened by a cord, was used to go over its cover and keep it closed. Its heaviness made it more inconvenient to carry than it would be to get slightly wet in a mild shower.

Douglas Jerrold said there are three things that no man but a fool lends, and those things are books, umbrellas and money. He thought the slenderness of one's title to an umbrella would make it too ridiculous for any self-respecting man to go to law to obtain the restitution of one; and yet, when he said this, a certain reported American justice of the peace had not made his famous decision that umbrellas are not property. A French conundrum-maker once asked: "What is the thing we most wish for when we dislike its necessity!" Of course it is the umbrella.

It is stated that the umbrella, though hardly long-lived itself, has added greatly to the longevity of the human race. We may not always find our own when it is wanted, but that is commonly because some one else has found it before us; and our alternative must, therefore, be to buy or borrow another. Just as I am about to close this article, a paper before me gives as one of the items of a wealthy and eccentric man's will the paragraph bequeathing to some friend his umbrella, which he had carried for about thirty-five years. Its condition was described as being good for another generation, and his benediction went with it to the donee. As the will-maker was in no sense a wag, it is certain that he was neither absent-minded nor careless, and that he owned an extraordinarily good umbrella—provided, of course, he had been in the habit of going out in the rain, and using it.

The umbrella, as a parachute or as an instrument for tender, sentimental propinquity, has had uses which might be dwelt upon at length; but as these are a manifest perversion of its original design, their consideration it would be better promptly to dismiss.

◆

IDLENESS.—It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

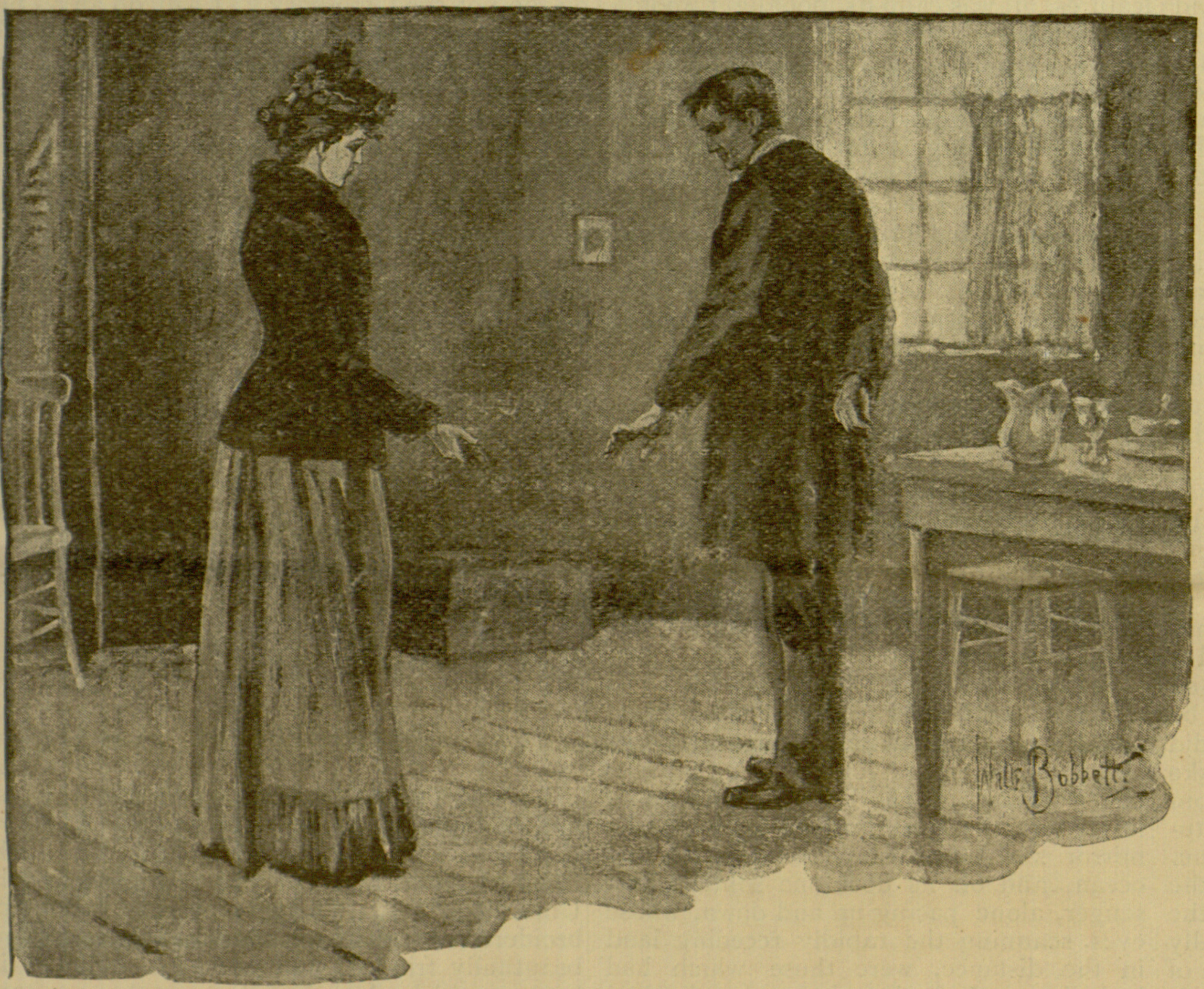
HOW THE WORM TURNED.

BY H. M. HOKE.

> “If the trodden worm doth turn,
> Hath it strength to justly avenge?”

David Jethro trembled visibly as he entered the bank in which he had once been a trusted employee. He knew, of course, that twelve fellow-citizens, sworn to well and truly try his case, had acquitted him; but some of his old associates might still suspect him, people not always agreeing with verdicts. They all saw that he had aged in the three months since he had gone away in custody of the police. A charge of robbery and twelve weeks' imprisonment would age any man, especially one whose family needs every cent of his small salary. Some of the clerks came to him with honest congratulations; others stood aloof, too busy perhaps; particulary one young man, Thomas Wharton, who had been promoted to his place.

The messenger went into the cashier's private office to announce the waiting of the former employee, David Jethro; and returning, bade him go in. He timidly drew aside the heavy *portières* and entered the little room, which was luxurious with tapestry Brussels, high-carved wainscot, stained-glass windows, walls and ceiling of elaborate papering—everything speckless to the beaten brass cuspidors. A large screen of clear plate-glass kept the heat of the old-fashioned wood fire from Mr. Jacob Merrifield, the cashier, a stern man of fifty, who sat writing at a fine walnut desk.



“I CAME, MR. JETHRO, TO OFFER YOU ANY SUM FOR YOUR SILENCE.”

“Sit down, Jethro, until I finish these signatures,” said the cashier, busily, and the little visitor sank weakly into a capacious chair.

“Jethro,” he began at length, after he had rung an electric-bell and sent out a bundle of papers by the messenger who answered it, “I congratulate you on the verdict.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Of course,” he continued, tapping his thumb nail with the point of an ivory paper-knife, “you cannot censure the bank for its action. Appearances were against you, you know.”

Jethro straightened himself, and a little spirit showed in his jaded figured as he replied:

“You might have been less hasty. You might have given me more chance to clear myself.”

“Why, my dear sir, you know as well as I do that a bank cannot be too strict regarding the honesty of its employees. We have millions of dollars of other people's money here. It must be watched with the most exacting vigilance. Before its vast interests an *individual* must be brushed aside as a worm. In this case you were an individual, and you feel as if you have been treated as a worm. But you must remember that the stolen package of bills was on your desk just before you went to your lunch. After you were gone they were missed.”

The visitor's face flushed, and he nervously pressed his sallow hands together until the finger-nails grew red, and asked, earnestly:

“Why, sir, you don't still think I took that money, do you?”

The cashier turned around on his pivoted chair, still tapping his nail, and looked through the glass screen into the waving flames. He slowly answered:

“I am compelled to say, Jethro, that appearances are still against you. That money has never been recovered.”

“In spite of the verdict, sir?”

“Yes, in spite of the verdict. Frankly, there are still some people obstinate enough to think you took that money; and, unfortunately for you, they are bank officers.”

“They are unjust,” said the little man, with a low chord of despair in his tone.

“Probably. But, as I said, you cannot censure the bank. True, we turned you over to the law; for, as I have remarked, you were the individual, the worm to be brushed aside. But you must not forget that we paid your attorney, and he cleared you. Could you expect more?”

“Yes, I think so.”

“What?” the cashier asked, quickly, turning rapidly around, now that he had led the man to the chief point.

Jethro rose, as if for courage, and replied, in quivering voice:

“Reinstatement!”

“I'm truly surprised at your mentioning that after what I have said—that some people still believe you stole that money. We can't, we dare not, employ a suspected man in the bank. Besides, your place has been filled by a younger, sprightlier man, of high social position—I might say, a better man for our purposes in every way. No, Jethro, it can't be.”

The “worm” was turning. Pallor drifted across his face, as he stepped to the desk, and said:

“And my family and I are to starve because I am suspected, and that after having been acquitted by a jury. I couldn't have believed such injustice could be, sir.”

“Oh, you'll hardly starve,” said the cashier, with airy thought of his own secure elevation. “You're able-bodied, and fit for at least manual labor. I'll frankly confess that it will be difficult for you to secure a position of trust in the city. Our refusal to reinstate you will be hard upon you, but you must accept it as a harsh ruling of fate. If I hear of any small place, I'll see what I can do for you. I promise you that.”

He touched the electric button, and the answering messenger showed Jethro out. Stunned, helpless, he dragged himself several doors away out of observation from the bank windows, and stopped in sheer despair. His long anxiety in imprisonment had left him too weak to resist. Misfortunes seem to delight in striking when we are least able to strike back.

Days passed in vain effort to secure employment. Why had he not been reinstated? It was always the adverse ultimatum. Finally a note came from Merrifield offering legal copying, in the same manner a bone is thrown to a dog. But the dog takes the bone, and Jethro took the copying. He could make very little, and he and his family were slowly starving. A stronger man might have become criminally desperate; Jethro sank into the sullen, timid fury that often seeks suicidal relief.

One morning the papers gave glowing accounts of the marriage of Thomas Wharton, his successor, to Millicent, the beautiful daughter of the cashier. It was a union in high life, and the papers yielded columns to it, naming guests and describing dresses—the prices of which would each have been a fortune to the discarded employee. This wedding goaded him. The worm had been brushed aside; he now felt trodden. He saw Merrifield's deliberate sacrifice of himself, to advance his son-in-law. A silent hatred, terrible in tendency, gnawed him; thirst for vengeance burned in his timid heart.

One evening a hesitating knock fell upon the door of the poor tenement, whither misfortune had driven Jethro and his family. He opened it himself, and was amazed to see Mrs. Wharton, Merrifield's daughter. She was much distressed, and asked nervously for a private interview. Mrs. Jethro withdrew, and the young bride, tremblingly began:

“Mr. Jethro, I have learned that you are hunting for the man who stole the money from your desk at the bank.”

He had made a few feeble moves in that direction, and, his gaunt face hardening at recollection of his failure, he replied affirmatively.

“And you have discovered that it was my—”

She stopped, scared at him, for a light had flashed upon him, driving the flush caused by the visit into pallor, while his eyes, larger now in the thinness of his face, seemed to glare cruelly. He remembered now that Thomas Wharton had frequently done his work while he was out at lunch, and wondered that he had not thought of it before. A cold tremor waved over him, at the thought of the power this discovery would place in his hands. He looked down at the weeping young woman, and replied, hoarsely:

“Yes, I have discovered it.”

“And you were about to make information against him.”

“Yes; just about to put him where I once was,” he replied, ferociously.

“Oh, he is torn with remorse,” she cried, wringing her hands behind her muff. “He confessed it to me. Oh, what a blow to a young wife! Think, Mr. Jethro, think what a disgrace to us. Think where it will drag my husband and father and me. Oh, God, it would be awful! I came, Mr. Jethro, to offer you any sum for your silence. Make it enough to enable you to go away where you can begin life over again.”

He drew himself up proudly, but his eyes were unsteady and his nostrils dilating, while his hands, clutching, one above the other, the front of his coat, trembled pitiably. In a tone, which he tried to force into sternness and steadiness, he answered:

“And still have the disgrace? No, I cannot do it. I am entitled to my good name. Nothing—*nothing* can pay me for that. Your father has taken it away from me; he must give it back. I have nothing to do with the disgrace that will fall upon your father and your husband and—no, not upon you. I would spare that if I could.”

“I thought you had not forgotten, Mr. Jethro, the kindness I showed you once.”

Wavering appeared in his face, but an accidental glance around the cramped home, its bareness, its discomfort caught his sternness in its flight, and he said:

“Is it right, Mrs. Wharton, is it right for you to make a point of my gratitude now? I dare not let it influence me! Dare I allow this crime to rest upon me and let my children grow up in its shadow? What would your money be to me, when we would have to go far away among strangers, and have the story follow me there? No, no; I would spare you if I could, but my manhood, my wife, my children demand that this cloud should be swept away. And your father must do it, let consequences be what they may. He called me a worm to be brushed aside. The worm has turned, Mrs. Wharton!”

“Name any amount, and I will double it!” cried the distressed young wife.

“I will not.”

“But think, Mr. Jethro, that what I offer will be far more than you could save in years from your salary at the bank.”

“And lose something that is worth double, treble any amount you could give. I refuse. I will go to-morrow to your father, and he must lift the heel that he has set upon me.”

He was very haggard next morning, when the messenger showed him again into the private office. Mr. Merrifield again sat writing at his table, and again kept him waiting, but one could easily have seen that the visitor was irritating him. At length, finishing a signature with unnecessary scratch of the pen, he said, sharply:

“Jethro, I am very busy. To save time, I'll tell you at once that there are no vacancies.”

A little red spot flushed upon each of Jethro's cheeks, and his eyes flashed the pent fire, as he arose, replying:

“There will be one soon.”

“Oh, there will!” sneeringly. “I beg your pardon, I didn't know it. Perhaps you mean mine?”

“My old place will be vacant to-day.”

The cashier swung angrily around on his pivoted chair, but, catching himself, as if suddenly struck at the man's seriousness, leaned forward, placed one hand over the other upon the table and with calm scorn, said:

“Your name should be *Daniel,* Jethro. You give your prophecy very little time for fulfillment.”

Jethro walked forward and stopped at the table-side opposite Mr. Merrifield, placing his slouch hat thereon, with his left hand nervously crumpling it. Stern purpose showed in his face, but he evaded the cashier's eyes, fixing his own upon the black figures on the desk calendar. [illegible] “worm” was turning, but with a w[illegible] weakness.

“You taunt me,” he said, chokingly. “I know you are strong and powerful, but I warn you, sir, not to be too scornful. Do you love your daughter?”

“You are impudent. I'll have you thrown out of the door.”

He reached for the electric button, but Jethro's voice stopped him.

“You have married her to the man who stole that money.”

Merrifield sprang up, his face swelling, and striding to the table-end, with clenched fist, said:

“I called you worm, and I only brushed you aside before. I shall now crush you.”

“Send for Wharton,” said Jethro, quietly.

“Do you mean, you cur, to reiterate that James Wharton, my son-in-law, stole that package of bills? I shall make you rue the accusation.”

“Send for him,” Jethro repeated, quietly, the crimson spots expanding.

“He shall be sum[illegible], and he will kill you. Do y[illegible]”

Pallor suddenly invaded the crimson, but he repeated, tremulously:

“Send for him.”

The messenger answered the ring, withdrew, and Wharton appeared. With that peculiar stern levity which often shoots up from inward seriousness, Merrifield motioned flourishingly toward Jethro, and said:

“Ha, Wharton, our worm here has turned on us! He says that you—”

He stopped. One swift look into Wharton's face, and the cashier sank into his desk chair; for that face had blanched, leaving red specks of excitement, and the watery eyes looked at nothing.

“You—you—” the cashier muttered. He could not proceed; could only gaze, fascinated, into Wharton's twitching face. He was trying to stand erect, but his chest was heaving, each breath seeming to leave it more inflated, until, as if it could hold no more, and guilty thoughts were crowding into unbearable pressure, with a deep sigh, he said:

“Jethro has spoken truly; I took the money.”

Merrifield sprang up, livid, his fingers crooking and uncrooking. He reached for the young man's collar, but stopped, and upbraided him:

“You scoundrel! You have deceived us! You will have to suffer!”

The fierce words seemed to fan Wharton's smoldering courage, and he said:

“You know what I stole that money for.”

“I know?”

“If you don't, you should.”

“I don't, and I shouldn't.”

“Then listen, for you must know: By your will you forced your daughter to marry me against her choice. I was of high family; you hoped for some advantage. Don't deny it, you did. I loved Millicent; I love her yet. I took that money to bear the expenses of our elegant wedding that you insisted upon. Your wish has been fulfilled, your daughter married high; she is a Wharton, and I—I am a thief. Yes, a thief. Now, what will you do? Turn me over to the law and disgrace your daughter and yourself?”

The cashier fell back into his chair and caught the arm-ends in a grasp that paled his knuckles. Wharton remained as he had uttered the last word, not defiant, but as if awaiting a blow; while Jethro still stood by the table, his hat crumpled tightly in his left hand, his right clutching the desk-edge. He had not moved since Wharton came in. A silence dropped into the room; so deep, that the hum of the bank reached them, with coin clinking—even the scratching of the nearest pen.

Merrifield's face showed a conflict. The two watchers saw justice desperately fight its way to victory. It almost seemed as if the anger wrinkles uncurled into those of age. He looked a bowed, broken man, years older, as he turned toward Wharton, and in a softer, but still stern voice, said:

"Wharton, you have disgraced me and my child. It would seem that I should shield you, for Jethro cannot prove your theft."

He slowly arose, and a little of the old tone he had used toward Jethro rang in his voice, as he exclaimed:

"But individuals and their relatives and their hearts sink before the interests of a great institution such as this. The directors are in session above. It is my duty to lay this matter before them. Both of you wait until I come back."

He looked at neither as he spoke, but vacantly, as if his whole attention was engaged in wringing these words from a reluctant heart; and he looked at neither as he turned, dignified, determined, and went out of a back door.

Wharton sank into the nearest chair, but Jethro stood. The worm had turned, and was still. Silence, pierced by suspense, crept into the office. The brazen clock beat on sedately, with a seeming longer interval of waiting between ticks; the buzz of the bank, clinking, and the rattle of tires on the street cobbles leaked in; and each moment Wharton sank lower in his chair, waves of suspense dashing their white foam on his face.

But the "worm" still stood, looking at the door through which had vanished the man against whom he had turned. His sallow, trouble-streaked face was a study—a deserted look there, as if something were retreating to his heart; an expression of looking backward over his suffering, and the dreadful consequences of guilt, or even suspicion of it. There are degrees of satisfaction. Some demand the highest pleasure; others are content with little. The vengeance of some stops not this side of murder. If the trodden worm doth turn, hath it strength to justly avenge?"

Merrifield returned, wounded, but determined; the old dignity there, but tempered.

"Jethro, the directors want you. You have suffered most; we will wait here on your decision."

The merest tremble of appeal was in the tone; the merest sign in the eyes and face. The mighty man, who had crushed him, was now appealing to him. Here was the triumph he had prayed for—the chance to mercilessly avenge. But the "worm" quivered, crumpled the hat still more, and walked weakly through the door, to meet the solemn body above.

And next day he stood making figures, as of old, in his book; the cashier, changed, less assertive, older, wrote wavering signatures in his luxurious room; and James Wharton, with his wife, was speeding away on a journey for his health.

◆

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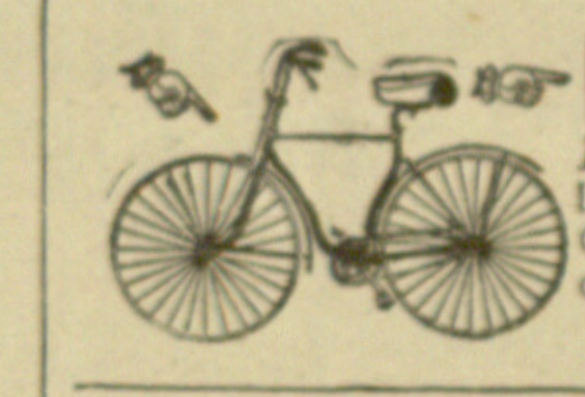

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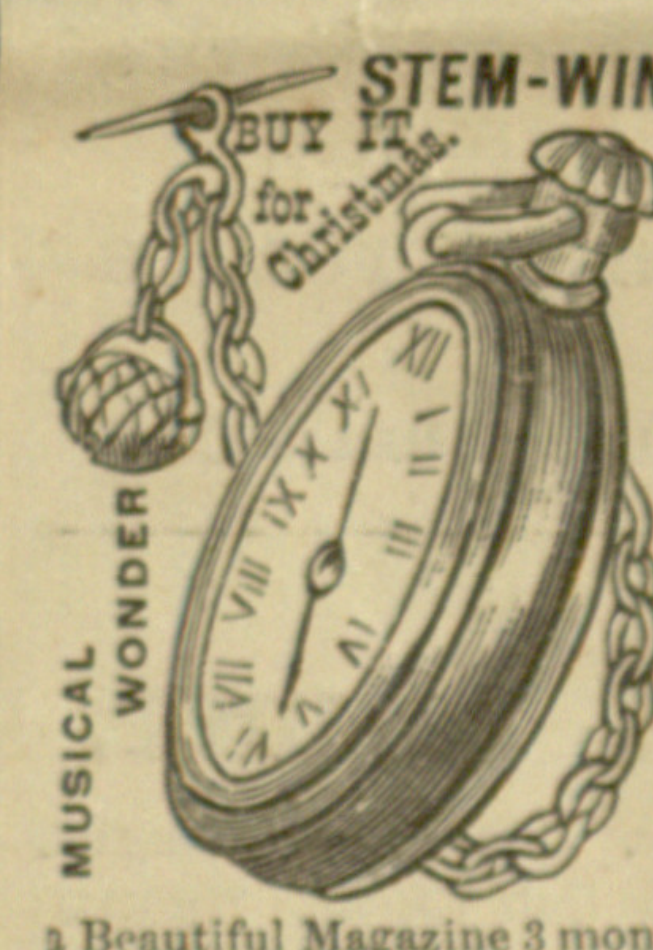

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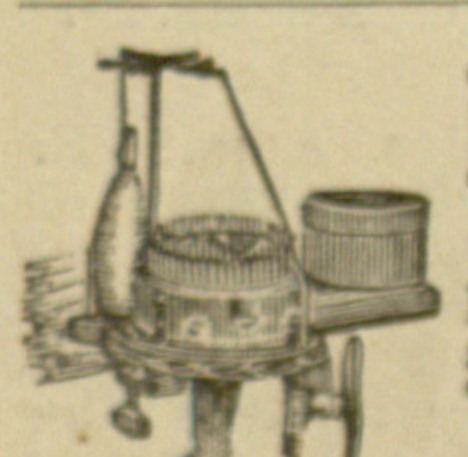

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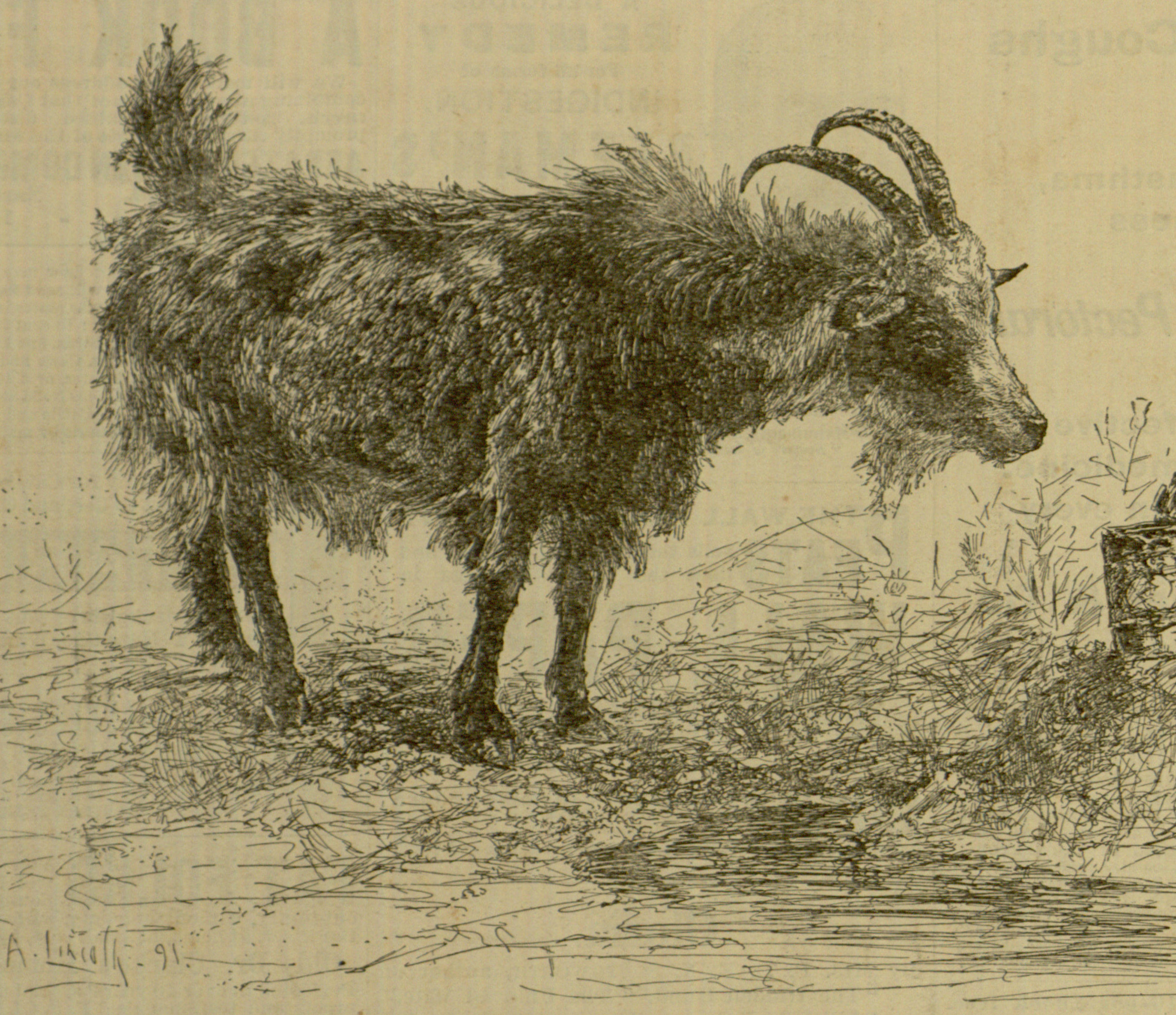

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